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## THE SIRDAR'S GREAT VICTORY, FULLY RECOUNTED IN THIS WEEK'S "P.I.P."

*Photo Bassano, Old Bond Street.*

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. H. KITCHENER, K.C.M.G.: THE VICTORIOUS SIRDAR.

THE DEFEATED KHALIFA ABDULLAH.

HOW THE LANCERS ROUTED THE DERVISHES OF THE SOUDAN.

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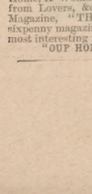

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All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

# THE SIRDAR'S TRIUMPHANT SOUDAN EXPEDITION.

VALOUR OF THE DERVISHES UNAVAILING.

THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN LINES STOOD LIKE ROCKS.

21st LANCERS' GALLANT CHARGE.

KITCHENER'S OCCUPATION OF OMDURMAN.

GORDON MEMORIAL SERVICE IN KHARTOUM LAST SUNDAY.

THE SIRDAR'S COMPLETE VICTORY OVER THE CRUEL KHALIFA crowns with brilliant success a long and eventful career in Egypt and the Soudan. His masterly triumph at once elicited most gratifying congratulations from the Queen, Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief, from Lord Lansdowne, the Secretary for War, from the Emperor William of Germany, and, indeed, from the high authorities of every foreign nation. Honour to whom Honour is due. While rightly valuing the brave endurance and sterling fighting powers of the British, Egyptian, and friendly Soudanese the Sirdar led with supreme skill, caution, and determination, let us once again review the intrepid past of

### Sir Herbert Horatio Kitchener,

in order to show what manner of man it is who vanquished so swiftly the Mahdi's successor at Omdurman. Though one of the youngest of our Generals, the Sirdar is regarded, and justly regarded, by Lord Wolseley and other eminent military authorities as one of our foremost and best Commanders. He has not gained this enviable position without throwing his whole life and soul into the arduous work found for him in Egypt. Eldest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel H. H. Kitchener, he is but forty-eight; but what a prodigious amount of labour he has crowded into these forty-eight years! Right proud of him are the Woolwich Royal Military Academy and the Royal Engineers, which he joined in 1871. He was engaged in Government surveying in Palestine and in Cyprus prior to being called to Egypt. Full of zeal and fearless devotion—full of characteristic thoroughness, in fine—was

### Young Kitchener

in those early days of the English occupation in Egypt. Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., gave him his first chance in Egypt as a Major of cavalry. He spoke Arabic—a decided advantage in those ticklish times when it was incumbent on us to checkmate Arabi Pasha, and restore a settled form of government to disturbed Egypt. How he subsequently did yeoman service as leader of Kitchener's ubiquitous Guides in Lord Wolseley's Nile Expedition; how he has in the last few years driven back the Khalifa's forces step by step at the Battle of Dongola and then on the banks of the Atbara, as Sirdar of the Anglo-Egyptian Forces; and how he has steadily smoothed the way to Khartoum by all that pluck, resolution, resource, and forethought could suggest, will be found most lucidly and seasonably recounted in the book of the hour—

"Sirdar and Khalifa;

or, The Reconquest of the Soudan, 1898," by Bennet Burleigh, who has with signal success resumed his former distinguished position as Special War Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* at "the front." Mr. Bennet Burleigh—whose sturdy constitution seems to stand all climes, enabling him to lead a charmed life where others, alas! fall victims to bullets or malaria—issues his timely work through Chapman and Hall, of Henrietta Street, London; and in it he gives the following vivid

### Pen-and-Ink Portrait of the Sirdar,

which may fitly accompany the photograph of Major-General Sir Herbert Kitchener, courteously supplied to us by M. M. Bassano—

"Years have rolled by since; and although he is relatively still a young man, the hot desert sun and African campaigning have done for him what they have wrought upon many who are his juniors—they have streaked his hair with grey.

"But to-day, as then, his tall, sinewy form is unbent; he is as active as ever, observant, and of a somewhat silent disposition. In manner he is good-natured, a listener rather than a talker, but readily pronouncing an opinion if it is called for. All his life he has been *par excellence* a 'volunteer' soldier—volunteering again and again for one difficult and dangerous duty after another.

"Though fortune has favoured him as often as any man, the Sirdar leaves nothing to chance that can be arranged beforehand. Another of his excellent characteristics is, wherever possible, to do his work himself.

### The Khalifa Abdullah,

the barbarous tyrant of the Soudan, whose power has been smashed by the Sirdar, may now be described in a fresh extract from Mr. Bennet Burleigh's most interesting and animated volume, which is embellished with a portrait of the vanquished Dervish leader, with valuable illustrations and maps—

"Khalifa Abdullah, though about fifty-four years of age, is already an old man. In the earlier years of his life of pleasure in Omdurman, the strong, medium-sized, active Abdullah grew lazy and inordinately fat. Quite recently, however, possibly owing to the increasing cares of his situation, he has become thin, grey-haired, and feeble-looking in body. So say fugitives from Omdurman and prisoners taken in battle.

"After the death of Mahomed Achmed, the high flood of the new converts' frenzy began to abate. They no doubt recalled that the Mahdi had proclaimed it was God's decree that death should not come to him until he had made the world Moslem, and set his feet in Constantinople and Mecca.

"Khalifa Abdullah, by all the arts and contrivances calculated to excite the credulity, fears, and desires of a superstitious, ignorant people, resorting with equal readiness to cajolery, fraud, torture, and murder, managed, notwithstanding the decline of fanatical Mahdism, to improve his position and firmly establish his khalifate."

### Commander Keppel's Gun-boat Attack on Omdurman

on September 1 recalled Sir Charles Wilson's Nile exploit of a similar kind during Lord Wolseley's Expedition; and we print a Drawing of the latter daring achievement on one of our centre pages, as it serves to elucidate the First of September attack, which the Sirdar thus summarised in his succinct despatches—

"Early this morning, according to orders, the gun-boats advanced towing the howitzer battery in barges in support of the Arabs on the right bank; the howitzers were brought into position opposite Omdurman, and the gun-boats bombarded the forts; they have not yet returned, but their fire has partially demolished the dome over the Mahdi's Tomb, which is a very prominent object. All well.

"Keppel and gun-boats have returned. No casualties on board. Right bank of river completely cleared, all forts on that bank and Tuti Island demolished, and guns taken; howitzer practice was excellent."

### The Battle of Omdurman

was begun on Friday, Sept. 2, by the Khalifa, whose intrepid attacks and the victorious repulse of whom by Sir Herbert Kitchener's combined British and native troops, were graphically described by the *Standard's* Special Correspondent (Mr. Maxwell)—

"The Khalifa and his host did not wait to be attacked. Early this morning the Dervishes marched from their position outside the city to attack the Anglo-Egyptian camp. They came on bravely, with all their old dash, and fought with the magnificent courage of blind fanaticism. Fortunately for us, their leaders showed little or no wisdom in choosing the field of battle.

### The Sirdar's Army

was encamped in a village a short distance to the north of the doomed city. The broad waters of the Nile flowed past on our left. In front of us there stretched a broad plain from which rose two mountains; that on the left being separated from the other by a distance of about two thousand yards.

"Further still to the front, there was a range of hills, on which the Dervish troops had been constructing defence works. They had been in possession of these heights for some little time, having decided not to await our attack within the walls of Omdurman, but to carry our camp by assault.

### The Dervishes Found us Awaiting their Onslaught

behind a strong zareba of camel thorns. This formed a vast semicircle. On our extreme left, near the river, the Sirdar had posted the Egyptian Artillery and the 32nd Battery Field Artillery, R.A. To the right of these was the Second British Brigade, under Brigadier-General Lyttelton, consisting of the 1st Battalions Grenadier Guards and Northumberland Fusiliers, and the 2nd Battalions Rifle Brigade and Lancashire Fusiliers. Next to these was the First British Brigade,

### Under Brigadier Wauchope,

consisting of the troops who fought on the Atbara—namely, the First Battalions of the Cameronians, Seaforths, Lincolnshire and Warwickshire Regiments. To the right were posted the four Soudanese and Egyptian Brigades, under Brigadiers Macdonald, Maxwell, Lewis, and Collinson.

### The Battle Began

with a heavy and telling fire from our artillery on the left. Our batteries, British and Egyptian, made excellent practice, and the accuracy of their aim was plainly demonstrated. The Dervishes, however, though for a moment they seemed to waver, pushed on towards our centre. Here their horsemen had to

### Face the Withering Fire of the Seaforths, Cameronians,

and another regiment which was moved to their support. Volley after volley was poured into the advancing mass. Then the attack gradually shifted to our right; and the Dervishes, unable to make way, came to a stand on a hill, which they occupied preparatory to another attempt. At this juncture

### The British Brigades were Ordered to Move Across the Ridge

between the Nile and the heights, two thousand yards from the front, with a view to taking the offensive. While this order was being carried out, firing was heard on our right flank. Two of the Egyptian Brigades found themselves hotly engaged with another body of the enemy, and it became evident that the Dervish leaders meant to take every advantage of the comparative weakness of our line on this side. But

### General Hunter's Egyptian Division,

which was formed up here, has learnt to stand firm against a Dervish attack. Soudanese and Fellahs fought with admirable courage, the British Artillery and Maxims supporting them by a well-directed fire. Within a few minutes the plain was strewn with the enemy's dead.

### But the Spirit of the Dervishes was not yet Broken.

Once again the Baggara horsemen formed up

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for a final charge. Dashing across the level stretch of pebbly soil, the Khalifa's cavalry rode madly at the steady line of infantry. The troops awaited the charge without flinching. On they came: but

**Again the Deadly Fire Poured Into Them**

did its work. Men and horses fell thick; hardly a rider in that desperate charge escaped. A large body of the enemy's infantry, undismayed by the slaughter, could be seen preparing to follow the cavalry; but our Field Artillery and Maxims, descending from the hill on which they were posted, came again into action, and the conflict entered a new phase. The attack on our camp had been repulsed. The only question was whether the defeat of the enemy was complete. It was not long before the

**Dervishes were Seen in Full Flight**

towards the right, leaving their dead on the field as they fled. Practically the whole of the Khalifa's army was destroyed. Our casualties number over two hundred."

**The Gallant Charge of the 21st Lancers**

was described in detail by the active Special Service Correspondent of Reuter's agency—

"Colonel Martin's orders were to prevent the broken enemy from returning to Omdurman, five miles away from the field of battle. The 21st Lancers unexpectedly came upon the enemy's reserves, who were two thousand strong, but whose exact strength could not be ascertained owing to the nature of the ground.

"The cavalry were then in column of troops. They deployed into line for the attack and charged. When they were within thirty yards of the entrenchments they found the enemy ensconced in a nullah and concealed by a depression of the ground.

"The Lancers, wild with excitement, and coming on at full gallop for the attack, had not a single moment for hesitation. They charged gallantly home, the brunt of the business falling on No. 2 squadron, who absolutely had to

**Hack their Way Through the Enemy, Twenty Deep,**

exposed as they were to a withering infantry fire. They struggled through, but every man who fell was immediately hacked to pieces by the swords of the fanatic foe.

"The men of the British cavalry rallied, bleeding and blown, on the far side of the lanes which they had cut for themselves in the enemy's ranks, and with admirable fortitude they reformed as coolly as if they had been on parade. One corporal who was covered with blood and reeling in his saddle, when ordered to fall out, shouted, waving his bent lance,

**'Never. Form Up, No. 2,'**

meaning his squadron. Then it was that young Grenfell was missed for the first time.

**Lieutenant de Montmorency, with Corporal Swarback,**

dashed out to effect, if possible, the rescue of his body. They were immediately joined by Captain Kenna. With their revolver-fire the two officers kept the enemy forty yards away, and would have secured Lieutenant Grenfell's body if the horse upon which it was placed had not shied with its burden. Then, seeing that a second charge would be futile,

**Colonel Martin Dismounted His Men,**

and with magazine and carbine fire drove the enemy steadily back into the zone of the Anglo-Egyptian infantry fire, the Lancers having accomplished their object by covering the enemy's line of retirement, though at the cost of heavy casualties."

**The Sirdar's Entrance into Omdurman**

after this decisive victory was thus narrated by the *Standard's* special—

"The march to Omdurman, after the great fight, was comparatively without incident. The Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener, with his Chief of the Staff, General Rundle, Colonel Wingate, Chief of the Intelligence, and Slatin Pasha rode behind two Companies of Egyptians and Soudanese, who proudly

**Carried With Them the Khalifa's Flag,**

the black banner which was to lead his troops to victory. As we neared the place, the people living in houses outside the wall poured out in large numbers to welcome the victors with hoarse shouts. Passing through a long street, we came to the wall itself, a solid-looking piece of rough masonry. There had been no need to employ the 40-pounders to effect a breach. An entry was found near the river, and the Sirdar rode into Omdurman unopposed. The city seemed deserted save for women and some two-score men, who came forward to make their submission and lay down their arms.

**Round the Ruins of the Mahdi's Tomb,**

knocked to pieces by the fire from our gun-boats, the city of Omdurman extends on all sides like a rabbit-warren. Through the narrow streets we wandered till dusk, vainly searching for the Khalifa.

**Khalifa Abdulla Et Taashi has Fled.**

"It is believed that he is trying to escape to El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan. But if we have so far failed to find the head of the Mahdist movement, we have the satisfaction of being able to

**Release the Unfortunate Creatures whom He Has so Long Held Captive.**

Before leaving the city the Sirdar found them and set them free, one of them being Charles Neufeld, the German merchant, who has been a prisoner in the hands of the Dervishes for thirteen years." The other European prisoners released include the Austrian Sister Teresa Gricolini.

**Gordon Memorial Service in Khartoum.**

Mr. Charles Williams, who accompanied the Gordon Relief Expedition, made good his word, and entered Khartoum with the Sirdar. He sent to the *Daily Chronicle* a heart-stirring account of the impressive service held on Sunday morning last in the ruins of Gordon's palace at Khartoum, at the foot of the ruined steps where the Governor-General was killed. On the roof of the palace two flagstaffs were placed, and on the ground below were guards of honour from all the British corps and the 11th Soudanese. A special guard on the right consisted of Engineers, Gordon's corps. The German Attaché was present in full white uniform.

A crowd of natives looked on as the officers on the roof of the palace began hoisting a large Union flag very slowly, while the National Anthem was played, and a royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired. At the same time the Egyptian flag was slowly hoisted, and the Khedivial Hymn played.

Three cheers followed for the Queen, and three for the Khedive, while nineteen minute-guns boomed in memory of Gordon as Governor-General; then a Dead March was played—thirteen years and 221 days after the murder. The Presbyterian Chaplain read the 15th Psalm,

We also regret to learn that Colonel Rhodes, Special Correspondent of the *Times*, was wounded before Omdurman. The conductors of that great paper have sent out Mr. John Le Conteur, with a Röntgen rays apparatus, to the relief of Mr. Cecil Rhodes's brother.

**Lieutenant Pirie,**

who has been wounded in the Soudan, is the son of Mr. Gordon Pirie, of Stoneywood, Aberdeen, and brother of Mr. Vernon Pirie, M.P. for North Aberdeen.

**The Remnant of the Khalifa's Force Surrendered,**

wired the Sirdar on Saturday evening, adding—"I have now a very large number of prisoners on my hands.

"The cavalry and gun-boats are still in pursuit of the Khalifa and his chiefs, who have with them only about 130 fighting men, and are apparently making for Kordofan.

"The left bank of the White Nile is so difficult of approach, owing to the banks being overflowed and thick bush, that the gun-boats cannot effect a landing, and therefore I can only rely upon the cavalry to effect his capture. . . .

"The town of Omdurman is very extensive, and the stench unbearable. I therefore moved the troops down to Khor Shambat, where we are now in a good camp on the river. All the British wounded go down the river with this telegram. They are doing very well. There are no cases which cause grave anxiety."

*Photo Beaucue, Old Bond street.*

MAJOR-GENERAL ARCHIBALD HUNTER, ONE OF THE SIRDAR'S VICTORIOUS LEADERS.

and the Anglican Chaplain said a paternoster, while the Roman Catholic Chaplain read a special memorial prayer. The pipers of the Seaforth Highlanders performed a coronach, and the Soudanese bugles and band played "Abide with me," Gordon's favourite hymn.

**British Officers Killed.**

Lieutenant Robert Septimus Grenfell, though serving with the 21st Lancers, belonged to the 12th (the Prince of Wales's Royal) Lancers. He was born at Springfield, Taplow, and was a nephew of Mr. W. H. Grenfell, and of General Sir Francis Grenfell, commanding the troops in Egypt, and was attached to the 21st Lancers on special service.

Captain Guy Caldecott, who also fell, was gazetted Lieutenant on Jan. 30, 1886, in the 1st Battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. He was promoted Captain on Aug. 6, 1892.

A full list of British and Egyptian casualties received by the War Office shows that the total in killed and wounded reached 389; whilst the Dervish loss is computed from 4000 to 8000.

**"Times" Correspondent Killed and Colonel Rhodes Wounded.**

We have also to deplore the death of the brave young War Correspondent of the *Times*, the Hon. H. Howard, son of the Earl of Carlisle. The Press has sad reason to remember the loss of valiant representatives in the Soudan. Those who fell in the desert prior to the death of the Hon. H. Howard were Edward O'Donovan (*Daily News*), Frank Vizetelly (of the *Illustrated London News* and *Graphic*), Frank Power (*Times*), Captain Gordon (*Manchester Guardian*), John Cameron (*Standard*), St. Leger Herbert (*Morning Post*), Mr. Walker (*Graphic*), and Mr. Garrett (*New York Herald*), as the *Westminster Gazette* reminds us.

**The Sirdar and His Brave Men were Loudly Cheered**

last Monday by their comrades engaged in mimic battle under the Duke of Connaught and Sir Redvers Buller, V.C.

**London's Gordon Demonstration.**

On Sunday evening last an extraordinary scene was witnessed in Trafalgar Square consequent on the receipt of the news in London of Sir Herbert Kitchener's brilliant victory. A crowd assembled around the statue of General Gordon in the centre of the Square, and in due course a placard made its appearance on the pedestal of the monument bearing the inscription, "At last he is avenged."

Cheers were at once raised, but the police on duty removed the placard as they did others.

**Major-General Hunter.**

The native section of Sir H. Kitchener's army numbered about 15,000, made up principally of infantry, Egyptian and Soudanese, and a considerable force of Egyptian cavalry, and several batteries of artillery, served by native gunners. Major-General Hunter, who had the command of these troops, is an officer who has seen brilliant service in the Soudan. He obtained his Majority during Lord Wolseley's campaign up the Nile, and remaining with the Egyptian Army, was successively employed at the action of Gimniss, where he was severely wounded, and in the action of Arguin and Toski, where he commanded a brigade in the Egyptian force. He received his promotion to the rank of full Colonel in January 1894, and became Major-General with Major-General Rundle. The promotions were regarded at the time as extraordinary instances of rapid recognition of great military capacity. Even now Major-General Hunter is only forty-two years of age. He thus vied with Lord Wolseley's previously unapproached record of becoming a Major-General at forty.

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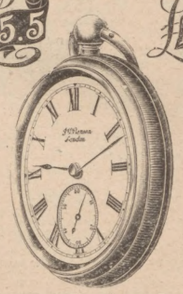
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## HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

**THE Queen's Return to Balmoral** had a pathetic interest, occurring on the anniversary of her first residence in the vitalising Highlands. As a young mother, accompanied by the Prince Consort and her three elder children, her life at that period was an extremely happy one, as the Queen's Journal reveals. In 1848, when many parts of Europe were convulsed with revolutions, and the state of France was critical in the extreme, our beloved Queen went to her happy Highland home free from all the cares of State, and enjoyed her domestic life as Queens seldom do. No doubt Her Majesty must look fondly back to those days half a century ago. May she still enjoy many autumn visits to Balmoral! Before returning to Windsor the Queen will pay a short visit to Edinburgh, we are glad to hear, as the Modern Athens considers itself somewhat slighted by Royalty.

**Her Majesty's Telegram to the Sirdar on his Victory.**—The official circular of the Court states that the Queen received with great satisfaction the news of the great victory at Omdurman. Her Majesty telegraphed her congratulations to the Sirdar, expressing her regret at the sad loss of life, and inquiring after the wounded.

**The Queen Drove from Balmoral** last Monday afternoon in an open carriage drawn by a pair of greys and preceded by an outrider. Her Majesty proceeded round the Queen's Drive, which passes under the well-known Lion's Face Rock. At the same time two other carriages, containing Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Leiningen, Princess Aribert of Anhalt, and the young Princes and Princess, drove through Braemar, on their way to Mar Lodge on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife. The Royal party were favoured with splendid weather.

**The Prince's Health.**—The Prince of Wales arrived at Cowes last Saturday evening on board the Royal yacht *Osborne*, having derived much benefit from his trip westward. For the first time since his accident he was allowed to stand on both feet on Saturday, and to walk with extreme care for a distance of a few feet. After this brief exercise the injured limb was again placed in a horizontal position, but the change of position, short though it was, afforded the Prince great relief, and was beneficial. The *Osborne* will remain in the Solent for some time, and it has been arranged that the Prince shall occasionally land for drives and visits. The Princess remains in Denmark on attendance upon her mother.

**The Empress Frederick was Thrown from her Horse** when riding in the neighbourhood of her castle at Friedrichshof on Monday morning. Fortunately the injuries sustained by Her Majesty were slight. The Empress was driven back to the castle. She is expected at Balmoral on a visit to the Queen next month.

**Mr. Balfour and the German Ambassador** are reported to have come to an important agreement by which the Delagoa Bay and other difficulties will be satisfactorily settled. Meantime, we hear that the seven new German war-ships voted by the Reichstag have now all been ordered. The imperial yard at Kiel is to build the large cruiser.

**The Czar at Sebastopol.**—The review of the Black Sea Squadron at Sebastopol on Sept. 2 was held by the Czar from on board the imperial yacht *Standart*. The French guard-ship *Boadic*, from Constantinople, has arrived at Sebastopol. On Sept. 3 His Majesty reviewed the troops in garrison, and afterwards inspected the ruins of the Malakoff Tower.

**The Fleet Under the Command of Commodore Bainbridge.**—Her Majesty's ships *Nile*, *Thunderer*, *Trafalgar*, *Sans Pariel*, and *Spanker*—anchored in Walton Bay, between Clevedon and Portishead, last Monday. The Mayor of Bristol, with Admiral Close and Commander Cawley, paid a visit to Commander Bainbridge on board the *Nile*, and gave a cordial welcome to the ships. He invited the Commodore and all the officers to a ball next week; whilst the men will be entertained at dinner at the Grand Spa, Clifton, to be followed by sports at the Zoological Gardens.

**Lord Salisbury** has rigidly followed the "cure" during his visit to the Vosges. He gets up at six a.m., drinks the waters, takes long walks, and is only bothered by a stupid rumour that his visit has something to do with a rectification of the French frontier. It is good news that both the noble Marquis and his wife are much better.

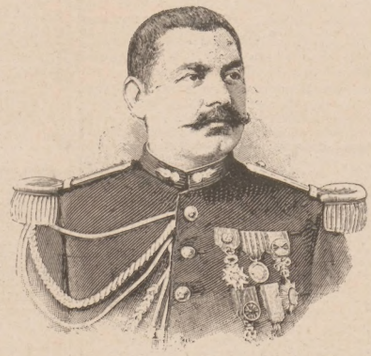
**Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain will Spend their Autumn Holidays in America**—a fact which has led to some comments. Mrs. Chamberlain's object is simply to visit her parents, who reside near Boston; but her distinguished husband will, it is said, have interviews with some of the leading men of the great Republic, and will probably discuss the possible and probable Anglo-Saxon alliance, which many imagine was the chief cause of the Czar's appeal to Europe. Another pioneer of peace and goodwill is Colonel John Hay, one of the manliest and best-hearted Americans that ever breathed, and far-sighted also as a statesman. In his future position, as chief adviser to the President, he will not neglect to smooth the pathway for an Anglo-American alliance.

**Sir Charles Dilke, M.P.**, has a most statesmanlike article on the Anglo-American alliance in the very interesting September Number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

**Spain's Cession of Cuba and Puerto Rico to the United States.**—Señor Sagasta, in full uniform, on Monday read in the Madrid Senate a Bill authorising the Spanish Government to abandon sovereignty and cede territories in the Colonies in virtue of the Protocol dated Aug. 12, fixing the preliminary conditions of peace. The House and the galleries were densely crowded with people, who listened silently to the project which the Premier read with emotion. He afterwards asked the Senate to discuss the Bill in secret sittings.

**The Philippines** are now practically in the hands of the United States forces. General Jaudenez, the Acting-Governor of the Philippines, in reply to a request from the Spanish Government for information as to the real situation in those islands, has stated that, to ensure the restoration of the Sovereignty of Spain, a permanent army of sixty thousand men, with a large supply of war material, and a naval squadron would be needed.

**The Suicide of a French Colonel at Mont Valerien** on Aug. 31, and the surrounding circumstances of this tragic affair, call for a revision of the sentence on Dreyfus. The arrest of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, chief of the espionage department of the French War Office, in consequence of his confession that he himself wrote the letter purporting to be from the military Attaché at one of the Embassies, which was cited by M. Cavaignac in the Paris Chamber as proof of the guilt of Dreyfus, was followed by the announcement that he had committed suicide in his cell at Mont Valerien. The incriminating document, the forgery of which Lieutenant-Colonel Henry admitted, was as follows: "I have read that a Deputy is going to interpellate concerning Dreyfus. If —— there come a few words which no one has been able to decipher, I should say that I never had any intercourse with that Jew. That is understood. If you are asked, say the same thing; for no one must ever know what occurred with him." General de Boisdeffre, Chief of the Staff, resigned; and his resignation was followed by that of M. Cavaignac, the French Foreign Minister, who, still believing in the guilt of Dreyfus, disagreed with those of his colleagues who favoured a new trial of the alleged traitor to his country. On Monday,

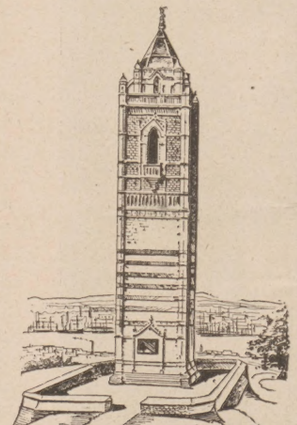


THE LATE COLONEL HENRY, OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

**General Zurlinden, Military Governor of Paris,** agreed to accept the portfolio of Minister for War in succession to M. Cavaignac. He is stated to have stipulated that before handing over the Dreyfus *dossier* to the Minister for Justice he shall be allowed to master its contents. The Cabinet Council met in the morning of that day, and was informed that

**Madame Dreyfus Claims a New Trial.** M. Brisson is represented by the *Standard* to have said in an interview that, though the Ministers were as convinced as M. Cavaignac of Dreyfus's guilt, they were bound to consider the situation from the point of view of the public uneasiness.

**The Cabot Tower at Bristol.**—Tuesday was the day fixed for the opening ceremony in connection with the Cabot Memorial, the function being performed by Lord Dufferin, assisted by the Duke of Beaufort, K.G. Fresh from his warm eulogium on Sheridan at Bath, Lord Dufferin waxed eloquent on the pluck of Cabot. The British Associat on were holding their annual meeting in




the city, and members of this institution naturally participated in the proceedings. 1897 was the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the North American Continent, and the citizens of Bristol resolved to commemorate this great event by the erection of a memorial to John Cabot and his colleagues. The monument assumed the form of an ornate tower, designed by Mr. W. V. Gough, and has been placed on the summit of Brandon Hill, which has been designated "the finest interurban hill in England." The summit of the monument is 454 ft. above the level of the sea. The site is in the heart of the city, and the conical hill, 25 acres in extent, overlooks the upper reaches of the port from which, in May 1497 the *Matthew* sailed on her adventurous, successful, and epoch-making voyage. Bristolians in all parts of the world sent contributions in honour of their native city, and patriotic Englishmen generally gave cordial support to the proposal to erect a permanent memorial of an achievement of international interest, which reflects credit on British enterprise and has prepared the way for the grand expansion of the English-speaking race in Canada and the United States.

**The Story of General Gordon,** the soldier-zealot, has a peculiar fascination for English folk. The lamented officer left London on Jan. 18, 1884, and arrived in Khartoum on Feb. 18. On March 24, after a severe battle on the 17th, the investment of the town by the Mahdi's force practically began, and from that time until its fall on Jan. 26, 1885, the fighting never seems to have ceased. Constantly "the rebels" were defeated by Gordon; but on they still pushed in overpowering numbers until all communication with the outer world had been completely cut off. All England remembers how very nearly Colonel Wilson in his gunboat was to rescuing the heroic Gordon; but Lord Wolseley's smartly led expedition just failed, alas! to save the former Governor-General of the Soudan. Gordon had only one apprehension in Khartoum; and this was ever staring him in the face—treachery! To this, indeed, is attributed the fall of Khartoum, as it is stated that Faraz Pasha, whom Gordon had once before pardoned for treason, but who feared condign punishment at the hands of the advancing English, opened the gates of the town to the Mahdi during the night, and let in Gordon's assassins. But the slain General was thoroughly revenged when the Sirdar totally defeated the murderous Khalifa, the Mahdi's blood-stained successor, and held that impressive Memorial Service in Khartoum last Sunday.

GENERAL GORDON.

**An Arabic Grammar and Arabic Vocabulary** will be found obviously useful to the thoughtful travellers who will be tempted by Sir Herbert Kitchener's signal victory to proceed up the Nile to Khartoum. Faris's "Practical Grammar of the Arabic Language," revised by the Rev. H. A. Williams, price 7s. 6d.; and D. A. Cameron's "Arabic-English Vocabulary," price 3s. 6d., are among the notable volumes included in Mr. Bernard Quaritch's September catalogue, sent by him post free for twopence, from his celebrated rare-book shop, 15, Piccadilly, London.

**Major-General Sir George Luck** (of whom we gave a good likeness in last week's *P.I.P.*) will go on leave directly the Salisbury manœuvres are over, pending embarkation for India, according to the *World*. Sir George will be granted the rank of Lieutenant-General. He will thus obtain the rank at the age of fifty-eight, so that he will have nine years to run before he can be removed for age disqualification. On all sides his selection for the Bengal command has met with approval. Not that it could very well be otherwise; for Sir George Luck is unquestionably the most dashing and up-to-date cavalry commander of our times—a man of exceptional qualities, who not only is full of enthusiasm himself, but soon causes those under him to live up to his own high standard.

**Disaster to Gallant and Devoted Bluejackets of H.M.S. "Cleopatra."**—We deeply regret to have to record a sad calamity, the result of a collision between H.M.S. *Cleopatra* and the Danish or Norwegian barquetine *Livlig* on Aug. 29. The actual collision was not at first considered very serious, the *Cleopatra* being unhurt, and the *Livlig* left afloat. She was, however, leaking badly, and so taken in tow towards Copenhagen. The accident took place at night. At 8.30 next morning the *Livlig*, with a number of British Bluejackets on board helping her crew at the pumps, suddenly began to sink. All the *Livlig's* crew were saved; but Carpenter's Mate William Russan, Able Seaman W. Jones, Signalman Took, Ordinary Seamen W. T. Tucker and Charley McTige, and First-class Boy Thomas O'Brien, of the *Cleopatra*, were drowned in sight of the rescue-boats. One noble sailor had a lifebuoy and was about to be picked up, when he cried to his would-be rescuers to save first those who had no lifebuoys. It is sad to relate that this poor fellow was drowned in consequence.

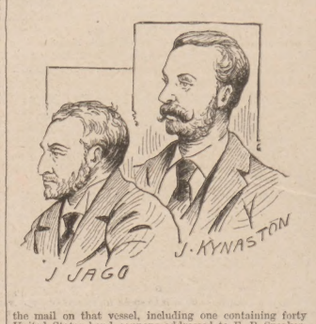
**The Funeral of Mr. Robert Scott-Fishe,** the well-known Savoy actor (who committed suicide while suffering from ill-health), took place last Monday afternoon in Chiswick Churchyard. In addition to the immediate friends and relatives of deceased, the mourners included Mr. D'Oyly Carte, Mr. A. Collier, Mr. Walter Passmore, Mr. Hardman, and others.

**Bristol's Colston Hall** was destroyed by a big fire which originated at Clark's clothing establishment, Sept. 1.

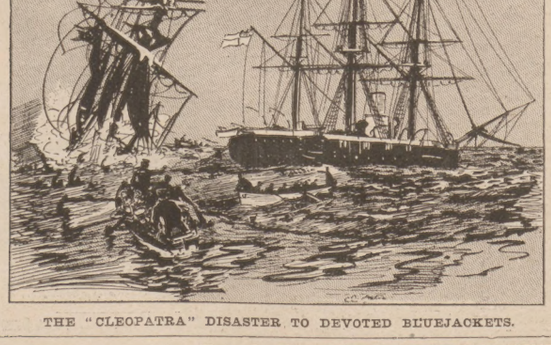
**The London Dramatic Season,** opened brilliantly with Mr. G. R. Sims's "Dandy Fifth" and "Gipsy Earl," provides plenty of other palatable fare for playgoers. If MM. Louis N. Parker's and Murray Carson's new romantic play, "The Termagant," has not quite realised expectations—commencing, as it did, charmingly enough with a graceful and bewitching "Court of Love" Fete Champêtre à la Watteau with Miss Olga Nethersole as a capricious Queen of Love, but ending with tragic melodrama—yet the story of Roderigo's ill-fated passion for the wayward Princess, who returns his love, was embellished with some beautiful and powerful scenes, rather too slowly enacted by Miss Nethersole, Mr. Carson, Miss Grace Warner, Mr. Abingdon, and the rest of the company at Her Majesty's. Mr. J. L. Shine is so buoyant and cheery a comedian that the miss-fire of "Tommy Dodd" at the Globe should not discourage him. The well-mated collaborators, MM. Walter Slaughter and Basil Hood, supply at the Vaudeville a bright and entertaining romantic musical play in "Her Royal Highness," abounding in tuneful airs and humour, to which we must return when we have more space at our command. As the pretty Princess who joins a band of strolling players rather than wed a man she has no liking for, Miss Kitty Loftus is merry as a sprite. Miss Louie Pounds, her Prince lover, and Miss Molly Lowell won deserved applause; as did Mr. Murray King, Mr. Denny, Mr. William Wyes, the comic toy-soldiers, and the well-selected company generally. More anon!

**"The Three Musketeers"** in Mr. Sydney Grundy's version will not be seen at Her Majesty's until November; but Mr. Hamilton's adaptation of Dumas' popular drama for Mr. Lewis Waller is to be produced at the Theatre Métropole, Camberwell, on Sept. 12, with Miss Kate Rorke and Mr. Lewis Waller as the chief characters. When "Les Trois Mousquetaires" and "Vingt Ans Après" first appeared, the elder Dumas was in the zenith of his fame, and earning £8000 per annum by these remarkable French historic stories of adventure, which undoubtedly inspired Stanley Weyman. The first stage version of "Les Trois Mousquetaires" was produced at the Ambigu, Oct. 27, 1845. By the way, Alexandre Dumas' "Mohicans of Paris" had never been translated into English until Mr. John Latey (the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*) undertook the task; and his English version, published by Routledge, has been long O. P. Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, the clever actor, deserves credit for his own smart version of "The Three Musketeers," in which he appeared with success at the Parkhurst last Monday.

**Alleged Robberies in the Atlantic Liner "Britannic."**—In the Extradition Court at Bow Street, Sir John Bridge has sat of late to hear the grave charges against William Jago, forty-two, of Mareland Terrace, Lizard, Cheshire, first officer of the White Star Liner *Britannic*, and John Kynaston, twenty-nine, of Crosby Road, Liverpool, third officer of the same ship. They were accused of being concerned together in stealing from the *Britannic* a number of post letters from




the mail on that vessel, including one containing forty United States bond coupons addressed to F. R. Sparkes, Esq., A.S.C. Milk Company, 42, Hudson Street, New York, and another containing American greenbacks for 1500 dols. addressed to Messrs. Heidelbach, Ickelheimer, and Co., New York. They were remanded.



THE "CLEOPATRA" DISASTER TO DEVOTED BLUEJACKETS.

*Photo Knight, of Aldershot.*

THE ARMY MANŒUVRES.—WITH THE DUKE'S NORTHERN ARMY: PIPERS OF THE SCOTTISH RIFLES.

You should read the "P.I.P." in NINETY-EIGHT if you wish to be UP-TO-DATE.

# The Army Manœuvres.

## FOWLER ON THE WORK AND SUPPLIES.

BY TROOPER TOMMY ATKINS.

I RECEIVED from Fowler yesterday a letter which I think will be of interest to my readers, or rather such portions as I print will, for owing to my pal's unfortunate habit of expressing himself in language scarcely fit for publication, I have had to tone down portions of his epistle and cut others out altogether. Still, the burden of what he wishes to say remains, and I am of the opinion that he would be very much ashamed of himself, proud though he might be to see his letter in print, if I allowed his original document to go in without some sub-editing. The letter runs as follows—

**Dear Burglar,—**

I've 'ad a look at yours in the last two weeks of the *P.I.P.*, and I must say as 'ow you 've got it down alright, but I 'm blanky well sure as I never said nothin' like what you says I did to that——[unprintable] son of a Horse Artillery gun-bucket, of

**The Civvy Transport.**

What I did say was —— [The rest of this sentence is best left out.] I suppose as 'ow you thought you did some fairly snide soldiering when you was a buffstick; but blimy, old chum, if ever you knew what doin' your whack means if you was to si e it up by the graft as our joints is a-coppin' in these 'ere columns.

**Talk About Graft!**

Crikey, we knows wot that is most times in the bounding, bucking horse-soldiers, but this 'ere go fair takes the bloomin' canteen, dry and wet, and puts the tin 'at on anythink I 've ever had a dekko at. I 've seen you ridin' about and talkin' to officers—blarst some of 'em, says I—w'out 'avin' to say "Sir" every other word. That 's alright enough, but it ain't the way to know the way

**We 'as to Buzz About.**

Now, I'll give you a case. The other day we was in camp at Ford, and we 'ad to march to Bourr Chalke with the rest of General Talbot's Cavalry Brigade. Well, we got off all teek, none o' your bloomin' gettin' out before daylight games, but a nice comfortable revally and bags o' time to pack your kit and fix up the old moke. We marched thro' Salisbury, an' a bloomin' fine show the regiments made. There was

**The Old 12th Lancers Leadin'—**

a bit ticky, o' course, like the rest of the crushes. There wasn't much to choose between 'em, so far as that goes, for three weeks in the column does muck your traps up a bit; and the roads round these parts is thick enough with dust to fair choke anyone. When a regiment trots, they can open the files as much as they like; but for all that you can't see your 'orses lengths ahead of you for dust.

**The "Lilywhites"**

didn't look so clean as they does when they can gus up their collars and stripes and jelly-bags with pipe-clay; but they was right enough. The 15th King's Own was there; the 'orse-gunners—one battery of 'em—and the blokes looking fair comical in the new service-frock with red epaulettes, to wear under the new chain-burnisher shoulder-straps, like the Native Cavalry in India, and the latest patent in field-service caps. All the cavalry is goin' to get this kit; and the

**15th Hussars Looks a Fair Treat**

in their caps—bright red, with yellow lace for the buffsticks and gold for sergeants. Fair takes the gals, that; and don't you bloomin' well forget it! The Mounted Infantry brought up the rear, and

**Strike Me Bloomin' Well 'Andsome**

if I ever thought as I'd see such a crowd o' grabbies on 'orseback. They ain't got much class about their ridin', I must say, and they only 'as one rein, rides on a kind of bit and bridoon all in one, but they can 'ang on, and is good enough in the field, when their officers don't begin to think as they 're pukka 'orse-soldiers and want to be gougin' about all over the perishing place. Seems to me as I'm going large a bit. "Walk that man!" Any'ow, as I was going to say,

**All the Yow-Yows in Salisbury**

turned out to 'ave a dekko, and from there right away to camp we 'ad a fair procession. You 'd think to see 'em as the people in these parts 'ad never seen a swaddy in their puff before. When we got into camp o' course we 'ad to square up, and then we could go out, only that wasn't no great cop, as there was only one "pub," which wouldn't 'old 'arf a squadron. You 'd 'a bust yourself to see the muck sweat the old gal as kept it got in when some of the boys got a bit cannoned—just lively, you know, nothin' to 'urt. Next morning

**We 'ad Revally at Five o'Clock,**

and then at 'arf-past eight we was off on a reconnaissance looking for the other army, and goes away down to Handley and beyond that, over the finest ground I ever seed for cavalry. You could move a dozen regiments together on some o' those downs, and then there 'd be room for 'arf-a-dozen more dozens. We 'ad a bit of gallopin' about—I 'm writin' as if I was still in the ranks, but you 'll understand that—and then about four o'clock it sounded "Cease fire," and for all our side knew of what

**Sir Redvers Buller's Blokes**

were doin', we might 'ave stopped in camp, 'cos we never saw more than a squadron of 'em at a time.

**"Bobs" was Down Lookin' On,**

and a damned fine old toff 'e is to speak to, so says one of the blokes who 'ad a bar with 'im. 'E was on patrol, and Bobs rides up and asks 'im all about it, and what 'e 'd seen,

**Just as if 'E was a Plain Tommy,**

and not the biggest toff in the Army. It was six before the troops got back to camp, and you can guess what time it was before we turned in after putting up our 'eaps. Next mornin' revally went at 'arf-past two, and we was in the road just after four, but we got in to

**Camp at Wincombe Park,**

near Shaftesbury, pretty early, and damned glad too. Some of the blokes was just asleep in their saddles, and then when we did get a chance to get a wet—and blimy, but we wanted one!—that perisher Lipton 'adn't got any pop nor nothink! 'Is transport 'ad broken down or something, and it was near nine before the canteen opened. That made the troops buck a bit, and I don't blame 'em. Strike me bloomin' hooray but we are 'avin' a picnic!

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**Mr. F. C. Wild, Steel Manufacturer, of Sheffield,** is Master Cutler in succession to Sir Alexander Wilson.

**A Southampton Sailor Devoured by Sharks.** The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's *Don*, on its arrival at Southampton from the West Indies, brought news of the awful death of a Southampton seaman named Samuel Bray, who was employed on the same company's vessel *Para*. Bray fell overboard, and although a life-buoy was thrown to him he was dragged under the water and devoured by sharks ere the boat could reach him.

**Commending a London Constable.** — Albert Donaldson, who has just retired from the A Division Metropolitan Police, has been specially commended by Sir Edward Bradford, Chief Commissioner, for the bravery displayed by him in assisting Constable Whitfield in arresting the armed man who fired at Count Arco Valley outside the German Embassy on June 15 last. Donaldson has also received the warm acknowledgment of Count Arco Valley.

No Cooking or added Milk Required.—Horlick's Malted Milk is chemically and physiologically like human milk. Moreover, the most delicate stomach can assimilate it easily. Of all chemists and stores. Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 11s. A free sample sent, on application, by Horlick and Co., 34, Farringdon Road, London, E.C. Send for "Freddy's Diary," post free.—[Advt.]

# AMSTERDAM EN FETE IN HONOUR OF THE YOUNG QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

NEVER was seen such a transformation as in Amsterdam this week. The sober, mellow tones of that mediæval city, the placidity of the elm-shaded canals, have vanished. A blaze of vivid colour greets the eye on all sides—the red-white-and-blue wave triumphant, and orange asserts itself in every possible and impossible spot, with

**Presentments of the Queen**

in every stage of infancy, childhood, and girlhood. The prosaic Dam is resplendent. Columns, draped with Royal blue and glistening with gold, have reared themselves as suddenly as in Aladdin's Palace. Royer's statue of Concordia, on the top of the monument in the centre of the Square, is the apex of a gaily bedecked stand. Even

**The Hideous Royal Palace,**

for once, is suggestive of brightness and beauty. Near by, in the Kalver Straat, the fashionable shopping street of Amsterdam, almost every house sports the Royal Arms, and flags, pictures, and festoons of greenery make a charming *ensemble*. All streets show equal signs of the national jubilation; but in spite of elaborate and artistic decorations, the streets are not in it with the canals. On them not only are the houses on the quays gorgeous with colour, but the barges on the canals as well; and when night falls, and the brilliancy of thousands of multicoloured lamps and flaming devices are reflected in the dark water, the stranger forgives the canals their stench for the sake of their picturesqueness.

**The City is Crowded.**

Prices are exorbitant, for the Dutch are past-masters in the art of driving a good bargain. But this will soon be over, and those intending to visit the interesting country later on will find no difficulty in doing so comfortably.

**The American Hotel,**

on the Leidche Plein, though not one of the fashionable hotels, is very comfortable and moderate. The food is excellent, and so plentiful that before the *menu* is half through the average English person is inclined to cry, "Hold, enough!" No one should venture on a meal in a common or unknown restaurant in Amsterdam. There are a set of these on the Damrak. The present writer once went to the Dam Hotel—to which one was tempted to add another syllable before leaving—and for a plate of abominable, uneatable fish one was made to pay over three shillings.

**A Perfect Tramway System**

exists in Amsterdam, starting from the Dam, and for a few cents anyone can get all over the city, changing from one tram to another if necessary, correspondence tickets being given as in Paris. Baedeker gives all the places to be seen, and the charming excursions to Hoorn, Marken, and Zaandam, where Peter the Great worked as a carpenter, and where his hut still stands, and is the property of the Czar of Russia. But getting about this week was as slow and difficult as was locomotion in London during Jubilee week.

On Monday afternoon expectation rose to fever heat, when

**Queen Wilhelmina Made Her State Entry**

from the Hague. The streets were lined with troops, and stalls were erected everywhere and filled with loyal spectators. At the station the Queen was received by the good Burgomaster in his robes, and by civil and military authorities of greater and less degree, and the imposing procession was formed, the mounted troops leading off. When the State carriage, drawn by eight horses, made its appearance

**With the Two Queens in It,**

enthusiasm was tremendous, and lusty British cheers showed that it was not confined to the Dutch. The fair girl-Queen bore herself bravely through the trying ordeal, and both she and her mother had every justification for feeling right well satisfied with themselves and the people.

After the Royalties came the Indian Princes and their retinues, making a gorgeous feature in the show. Bells were pealing, cannon booming, and people shouting themselves hoarse with cheering. It was an occasion which will not soon fade from the memory of those who saw it, and it was but a foretaste of what was to come.

On Tuesday, when

**The Queen was Formally Inaugurated,**

all was stir and excitement from early morn. Those who were sufficiently fortunate to have seats on the Dam watched one procession after another of Royalties and notabilities arrive at the Nieuwe Kerk. It was nearly eleven when Queen Emma appeared with a splendid escort and in a carriage drawn by eight horses. It was the first State function at which she had to come unaccompanied by her daughter. Etiquette decreed that the Queen Regnant should take up her position in that day's pageant alone. She came last of all, a fair, slight girl in white satin with the Royal jewels, and her velvet Court mantle held by four aides-de-camp. In all the imposing procession, every eye turned upon her, and 'mid the clanging of bells, the cheers of her people, and the firing of the Royal salute, Queen Wilhelmina entered the church, where she was conducted to the throne by the members of the States-General, and formally inaugurated Queen of the Netherlands.

Until Friday Amsterdam will be the centre of attraction. The Queen shows herself over and over again — at the illuminations, at the fashionable historical procession, at the magnificent Rembrandt Exhibition, at the State concert, the gala performance at the theatre, receiving deputations, etc., up to Friday, when the scene shifts to

**The Hague.**

This is the virtual capital of Holland, and Amsterdam itself could not make a braver display of loyalty and decoration than this very much more modern-looking town.

Visitors will find no difficulty in getting about the Hague. The trams are more expensive than in Amsterdam, but all places of importance are within an easy walk of each other. The guide-books will indicate the museums and public buildings. Here is to be seen in the Gevangenpoort the most blood-curdling display of instruments of torture and pictures imaginable. Close by are the chambers of the States-General, which the Queen will formally open on Sept. 22, reading her speech from the throne. The ladies' gallery faces her, and is a very different affair from the stuffy cage deemed good enough for Englishwomen in our London House of Commons.

Photo A. Zimmerman.

THE YOUNG QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

# THE PENNY LAWYER.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hughenden.—It entirely depends upon the rules of the building society.

J. P. S.—Lichfield is the nearest Probate Registry for you to apply to. The officials there will give you the necessary information. There is not room in our columns to fully explain the procedure.

W. W.—The will would be perfectly legal. If you anticipate any dispute, you could have a similar will signed by the testator, to enable you, if necessary, to call witnesses as to its due execution.

W. E. P.—We feel some difficulty in advising you, as you do not say for what purpose you wish the matter put right. It is possible that a statutory declaration by the person who registered the birth or another person who is well acquainted with the facts would be sufficient. But if you will let us have further particulars we shall have pleasure in again advising you.

Other Replies postponed till next week. LEX.

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**The Soudanese "Friendlies" Commander.** Major E. J. Montagu Stuart-Wortley, C.M.G., commanded the "Friendlies" in the triumphant battle with the Khalifa. This gallant officer was forty-one last July. He served throughout the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, and accompanied the reconnaissance to Khartoum under Sir Charles Wilson, besides being present at the battles of Abu Klea and Gubat. In recognition of his services he was mentioned in despatches and received the medal with two clasps, the 4th Class of the Mejidié, and the C.M.G. Major Stuart-Wortley, who is the second son of the Hon. F. D. Montagu Stuart-Wortley, first saw active service in the Afghan War of 1879-80 with the Koorum Force as transport officer and assistant-superintendent of army signalling. He also served in the Boer War of 1881 with the Natal Field Force, and in the Egyptian War of the following year as orderly officer to Sir W. O. Lanyon and Sir Baker Russell, when he was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

Major Stuart-Wortley.

Remember the Black Beetles, horrid things, and be sure to tell cook to well sprinkle the floor near the fireplace last thing at night with Keating's Powder, the unrivalled killer of fleas, beetles, moths. Harmless to animals. Sold only in tins, 3d., 6d., and 1s. each.—[Advt.]

A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL.

250,000 PEOPLE SAY

With one voice, in the clearest and most convincing language, that the **MOST ADMIRABLE** timekeepers, the **MOST SATISFACTORY** possessions, the **MOST GRATIFYING** of purchases, are **H. SAMUEL'S WORLD-FAMED WATCHES.** Read this letter! It is one of the **MANY THOUSANDS** received, and plainly shows the **REMARKABLE SUPERIORITY** and value of H. Samuel's productions. The **LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD!** The greatest range of prices! Unlimited selections. H. Samuel supplies Watches at all prices from 6s. to £100, and purchasers may have watches made to their own requirements at the same **REMARKABLY LOW PRICES** as H. Samuel's regular specialities, and H. Samuel's newly invented improvements, protected by **HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT,** are only to be obtained in H. Samuel's Watches. **BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.** H. Samuel's "**MARVEL**," as illustrated, a really wonderful **FULL-PLATE LEVER,** jewelled movement, screwed balance, enamel dial, crystal glass, sets hands in front. Fitted in strong well-fitted cases of a special material prepared to exactly resemble Real Silver in appearance. Supplied complete, with Key, printed instructions, and **H. SAMUEL'S SPECIAL BONUS FREE GIFT,** on receipt of **10/6.** This is but one of H. Samuel's marvellous productions. Other equally astonishing manufactures at 25s., 52s. 6d., &c. are illustrated in H. Samuel's new **REPERTOIRE OF BARGAINS,** a grand new volume of nearly **3000** engravings. Shows every variety of **DIAMONDS** and **GOLD AND SILVER** adornments, all of newest designs, finest workmanship, and extraordinary value. Prices range from **1/-** upwards. **HUNDREDS** of Testimonials are given in this book from all parts of the world, and unanimous opinions of the leading **PRESS OF GREAT BRITAIN.** Every reader should write for this comprehensive publication, which plainly shows the **IMMENSE SAVING** made by purchasers who send direct to H. Samuel. **MIDDLE PROFITS ABOLISHED.** A separate sheet is included with each volume giving full particulars of H. Samuel's **SPECIAL BONUS PREMIUMS DISTRIBUTED FREE** amongst purchasers. A **HANDSOME AND USEFUL** addition to the marvellous value obtained by sending direct to H. Samuel for all requirements. **TEN LISTS** of presents for selection. **WRITE** for this wonderful Book **TO-DAY,** and see the splendid productions brought within your easy reach. H. Samuel sends it **ABSOLUTELY FREE.** Cut this announcement from *The Penny Illustrated Paper* and enclose it with all orders.

**ONE OUT OF THOUSANDS**

*Lawton Square,*
*Delph, nr. Oldham.*
*Mr. H. Samuel.*
*July 23, 1898.*
*Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in sending you a few lines in praise of the Watch I purchased of you three years ago. I have tested it with one bought elsewhere, which cost nearly three times the amount I gave for yours, and I find your watch to be the best. I shall recommend it to all I know as an unequalled timekeeper.*
*Yours truly,*
*(Signed) THOMAS PRIEST.*

**H. SAMUEL,**

97, 99, 101, 33, 89 & 121, MARKET STREET,

**MANCHESTER.**

**HAPPINESS AND COMFORT.**

It was by reading the experience of others that resulted in so much happiness and comfort for me; therefore, if my experience will benefit others, I ought not to withhold it. I used to have to watch the clock to see if it was going, but since using Aërial Medication can hear it tick in the next room. The wonderful change is not only realised by myself, but by my friends also, who are telling me how much better I look. I can freely endorse this wonderful treatment, for I feel it is accomplishing much good. —Miss H. PRESTON, Market Place, Ely.

***FREE.***

To prove beyond doubt that Aërial Medication is a positive cure for deafness, catarrh, throat and lung diseases, I will, for a short time, send medicines for three months' treatment, free. For symptom form and particulars, address— J. H. MOORE, M.D. (U.S.A.), Dept. H. 7, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.—[Advt.]

**The Continued Hot Weather** has quite perplexed London managers, who find it difficult to tempt playgoers to sit through the evening in a Turkish-bath atmosphere. But Messrs. Harrison and Maude, at the Haymarket, on resuming the run of "The Little Minister," treated their patrons to electric lights and improved ventilation, besides presenting a newly decorated auditorium brighter and prettier than the Haymarket has ever appeared before. The Gaiety, too, is delightfully cool, and draws still with "The Runaway Girl."

# Rosalind's Fashions.

HAPPY should the young Queen of Holland be in the knowledge that she possesses not only the love of her people, but also the hearty sympathy of the civilised world. It is a sketch of Her Majesty in Dutch Costume that forms the initial subject to my letter. Returning to England and "our muttons," I introduce in Fig. 1 one of the most marked novelties now being shown. I think you will agree with me that the model would be becoming to almost any face. It is a felt

A NEW FELT HAT.

hat, with a very moderate crown, and turned-up brim bent about picturesquely. This is bordered with three rows of narrow white braid. Most of these models are in coloured felt, though some are black. Our example is in green, and trimmed beyond the rows of white braid with a twist of green and white shot ribbon round the crown, tied into ends at the left side, upstanding with green ostrich tips. Another new departure is the "Cowboy" hat, with Cardinal shaped crown and very broad brim slightly rolling up one side, simply trimmed with a band of ribbon round the crown and a quill feather. These hats are mostly in shades of fawn, though not exclusively. "Amazon" shapes are evidently to be generally worn, judging by the immense number of models we have been introduced to.

* * * * *

**In Fig. 2 I Sketch** one of the juvenile models of latest cut, which is built of dark blue venetian cloth. The coat, it will be seen, is semi-fitting and double-breasted, a replica, in fact, of the "smart" young person's Mamma's coat. The sole trimming is stitching, which will be the only decoration for tailor-mades this season, a velvet overlay to collar, and large mother-o'-pearl buttons. Little suits made in this mode are very useful for autumn, and excellent wear. You can imagine how well the costume would look either at the seaside or at home.

JUVENILE TAILOR-MADE COSTUME.

* * * * *

**A Modish Mantle** is revealed in Fig. 3. This is of dark blue cloth also, and is made loose to gather in at the waist, with a belt of the same, having a short basque beneath. It fastens on one side with an oxidised button. The high collar, one large rever, and "angel" sleeves are lined with a red and blue plaid; small cuffs of the same turning over the under tight-fitting sleeves. It seems probable there may be a revival of these "angel" or mediæval over-sleeves this winter. The coming materials, rumour reports, will be rough surfaced. Plaid is at present still in favour, though more as a part than a whole. For my part, I own I prefer costumes in one simple colour, as they are most ladylike and unobtrusive.

THE NEWEST MANTLE.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

# "P.I.P." SUMMER TALES.

## Wives for Dolores.

### BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

*Author of "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times," "American Wives and English Husbands," etc.*

[COPYRIGHT.]

JOSE AVILAR sauntered out of his hut and glanced sullenly about him. His eyes met a cheerless prospect. A cold wind, salt with the breath of the Pacific, blustered over the sand-hills between the Presidio and the Mission Dolores de San Francisco, and from the dense thickets among the hills came the shriek of the wild-cat and the dismal yap of the coyote. On the corridor of the Mission three padres, their heads muffled in the cowls of their thick brown habits, paced briskly, the Indians in the rancheria were toiling at their occupations under the sharp eyes of the friars. On all sides were the manufactories of the clever active priests, and the huts of the ex-soldiers. In the street which Avilar faced were several groups of men, smoking the cigarito, talking listlessly. Not a woman was to be seen.

Gradually the groups centralised, and the talk grew more animated. After a time one of the number turned suddenly and approached José Avilar. He was a young man with a dark, ardent face.

"We have decided, José!" he said eagerly, "and it is for thee to speak. Thou hast the gift of words."

Avilar shrugged his shoulders. "Good!" he replied. "I go."

"And let it be to-night that we start," cried the youth, as his elder approached the corridor where the padres took their bleak constitutional.

Avilar removed his sombrero and bowed low to the padres. One of them, a man with authoritative mien and humorous eyes, paused and faced him.

"Well, my son," said Father Estenega kindly, "what can I do for you?"

"My father," replied Avilar, "I speak for all of my countrymen who dwell in the shadow of the Mission Dolores, in exile. As you know, my father, we were torn from our home, our friends, our Spain, to follow the fathers into the wilderness of the Californias that we might protect them from the wild men while the Missions were building. We came, if not with joy, at least without protest, for it was a holy duty. And you have said, my father, that we were brave and faithful. Is it not so?"

"It is, my son."

Avilar resumed, holding his sombrero tightly between his fingers. He felt the impatient eyes of Juan Soler behind him.

"Now all danger is past. Spain does not send for us, and our lives are hard and dull. The officers have married the beautiful daughters of commandantes or wealthy rancheros, but we rarely look upon the face of woman. That is not right, my father. Man was born to be wed and happy. We want wives and children."

"It is a subject that has given me much thought, my son," replied the priest, with puzzled brows. "But to find wives in this wilderness is, unfortunately, beyond my power. Have you anything to suggest?"

"I have, my father," replied Avilar promptly. "In the valley of San Rafael are many Indian maidens. We ask that you give us permission to descend upon them swiftly, to seize a wife each, and then, my father, perhaps—perhaps—you would also let us have a barque—that we might have it in readiness at Sausalito when we return."

The padre laughed heartily.

"You are willing to take dire risk for the sake of a wife. If my brothers of San Rafael catch you you will get fifty lashes each—and that is the least of the risks, my son."

Avilar shook his head definitely. "We are willing to take all risks, my father. Have we your permission?"

"Yes; for I foresee that if I withhold it I shall lose my good neighbours. Well, Dominus vobiscum, and mind, the priests of San Rafael are never to know of my connivance."

At midnight a small barque crept quietly away from shore. The night was very dark, the Presidio sentries saw nothing. But when they were a mile out on the quiet bay the men on the barque, barring two, with one accord began to sing. And they sang, not roystering songs of the sea and camp, but the love-songs of Spain; the songs they had sung at gratings in a land they would never see again.

Juan, the youngest, who had left no sweetheart behind him, sat apart and dreamed a poem. José Avilar, who had left a grave in Spain, did not sing at once. He looked out over the black water, and saw a sunny sky, a ripe vineyard, a steep white street beyond, an eager face at the lattice. After a time he snapped his fingers and slapped his knee; he turned his back on his past for ever. Somewhere in those redwood forests of the north another woman awaited him; and man was not made to feed on memories. He lifted his voice suddenly, and sang an impassioned ballad in a rich baritone. The others paused to listen; when he had finished they sat in silent ecstasy.

* * * * *

A group of Indian youths and maidens stood on the outskirts of the little pueblo of San Rafael, eating the dates and raisins the good Padre Amoros had given them at the mission on the other side of the mountain, and talking over the little events of their afternoon. They went to the mission for their weekly instruction only, preferring their pueblo to the strict hourly discipline of the padres.

The girls were tall and straight and comely; two of them moved apart, and walked along the edge of a stream set thick with willows and outjutting oaks.

"Mala," said the younger abruptly, "I should like to go where there are no mountains, no redwoods. Sometimes I dream at night that a redwood grows out of my heart and drinks my veins."

"Thou hast strange fancies, Ana; but I, too, wish sometimes. The soldiers at the mission are better to look at than Indians," she added abruptly, the red blood darting into the bronze of her cheek.

"Yes; so I have thought. Didst thou notice they had many guests to-day?"

"I did. And they stared at us as men have never stared before."

"There was one—he seemed to be the youngest—I—spoke with him—for a moment—in church. If the padres had seen me—Madre de Dios! He knelt near me. He said strange things about my eyes. Are they beautiful, Mala?"

"I have never thought. They seem to me like other eyes. But didst thou notice one taller and stronger than thy youth? He had lines on his face like the padres, but I could not take my eyes from him. He did not speak to me, but he looked—Dios de mi alma!"

"Yes, I saw him—Hist!"

"What is it? And why dost thou grip my arm?"

"Someone is in the forest above."

"A wild cat, a panther. What of them?"

"Two men! Dost thou not see? Look! Look!"

The girls crouched close under the shade of a great oak and peered up through the willows to the mountain forest that rose abruptly from the other bank of the stream. Two men were making their way downward through the thick bush. They reached the creek and crossed it. The girls came suddenly forth from their hiding-place. They curtsied, then looked up shyly into the bold eyes of José Avilar and Juan Soler.

"We are your servants, Señors!" said the older girl. "What will you?"

"We would see the pueblo of old Carlos," replied Avilar readily. "We have heard that it is very beautiful. But we have come over a steep mountain; may we not rest a little and talk with the Señoritas?"

The Indian girls had never been called Señoritas before, and they blushed with delight, then dropped to the ground, motioning to the soldiers to sit beside them. Avilar was essentially a man of action. He lost no time. In a few moments he was expatiating upon the delights of the Mission Dolores, of the superiority of the white man to the Indian, of the dignified position a woman enjoyed who was wife to a Spaniard. Juan's eyes and murmured ejaculations did the rest. In less than an hour the two girls were confederates in a scheme to despoil the pueblo of the cross old chief, Carlos, of its youngest and fairest.

* * * * *

At the next midnight twelve Indian girls, besides Mala and Ana, slipped from their swinging beds of hide and out of their huts. They huddled for a moment in the middle of the plaza, listening intently. There was no sound but the sighing of the wind through the redwoods and pines on the mountains about them. Then they stole down to the creek, at the suggestion of the wily Mala and peered into the broad swath of silver; for tradition whispered that at midnight, at the full of the moon, a maiden might see the face of her destined brave in the reflecting waters.

They were standing in a long row, peering anxiously into the flashing waters, when fourteen men rose from the cover of bending willows, darted forward, flung a bag dexterously over the head of each girl, and, in spite of smothered shrieks, waded rapidly across the creek and began the ascent of the mountain.

But one girl, a powerful creature, who was to wed the chief's son, and who was doubly incensed that her captor was a man of insignificant inches in length and breadth, fought so fiercely that she had the man down before he had ascended a hundred feet of the hill, and had torn the bag from her head. But although the little Spaniard was vanquished he clung to her blanket, and she dragged him through the brush and creek. Then, seeing that force availed him nothing, he fell on his knees, vowed that he loved her as only a Spaniard could, and implored her to return with him to the Mission Dolores and become his wife. But the haughty Amazon made no reply, beyond the planting of her ample foot in his ribs, and, not daring to follow her to the pueblo, he turned and ran after his companions, shouting a warning.

Not ten minutes later there was a wild and furious yell from the direction of the pueblo, a glare of light, and the sound of a rushing horde. But the abductors had already reached the brow of the mountain. Horses were waiting there. The men, panting more from the restlessness of their unwilling burdens than from the steep ascent, hastily mounted, each captor holding his trophy before him with firm muscles, and plunged down the dark aisles of the forest. But it is rarely that a Spaniard forgets to be a lover, and these men, although fully alive to their danger, found time for protestations of passionate affection and more than one caress. And with the mystery of that wild ride through the forest where the huge trees seemed to spring at the horses' heads, and a mis-step would mean a broken neck, with the strange romance of the situation, and the certainty that these bold eloquent Spaniards were immeasurably above the coarse Indians that had wooed them, the girls were soon quiescent.

The men rode as rapidly as they dared. The shouts behind them grew faint with distance, but there was no doubt that the Indians were in full pursuit, and would obtain mustangs from the indignant padres at the Mission. But they had a good start, and by dawn were well on their way to the water.

"We are safe now," said Juan exultingly to Ana, whose eyes looked love into his and fear over his shoulder.

"I know not," she replied, shaking her head. "The Indian rides like the wind and knows every inch of the forest."

So it proved. The Spaniards, guided only by a compass, were darting hither and thither among the dense undergrowth of the forest when they heard an angry yell not a mile behind them.

"They are on us!" cried Mala, sitting erect; "but there must be no bloodshed. Quick! To the right! There is a trail. If we can do no better we can turn the mustang loose and hide—thou and I!"

"Thou wilt never return to the Pueblo of San Rafael," said José.

On they dashed down the narrow trail, one by one, the mustangs leaping over one another. The girls clung to their captors, holding their breath, and praying that the earth might open and swallow the Indians. A hill intervened, then another. The mustangs scrambled up with the agility of their kind, responding no less to the terror of their masters than to biting spur. An occasional shout gave warning that the Indians were gaining; but nothing could be seen, so dense was the forest. At last, from the top of a hill, they saw the bay, and the barque in the little harbour ready to start at any moment. They dared not shout, but a simultaneous murmur of thanksgiving arose. The descent, however, was very steep, and they had to pick their way down, knowing that the more reckless Indians, singly mounted, could easily overtake them if they had not missed the trail.

The hill was dense with willows. They were half-way down, when they heard a sound like the rushing of an avalanche. They knew what it meant and spurred on recklessly. But as they reached the foot of the hill the Indians were upon them; and they emerged into the open neck-and-neck, racing toward the barque. The Spaniards did not pull their pistols, knowing that if they shed blood they would lose the sympathy of Father Estenega; and their pursuers were unarmed. The Indians strove to reach the bridles of the enemy's mustangs; the hairy fists of the Spaniards disabled more wrists than one. The women shrieked in a shrill chorus, the Spaniards swore profusely, the Indians grunted harshly, their faces distorted with rage.

The crucial moment came. The Spaniards must dismount and embark in the boats waiting to receive them. The Indians, with a shout of fury, leaped from their mustangs and closed with the Spaniards. They were two to one, but of inferior strength and without science. But the issue was very uncertain.

Mala, who with the other girls had been standing apart, gazing with dilated eyes, suddenly turned and exclaimed: "My friends, quick! The boat! We at least must reach the barque. That will help our masters."

In a moment the girls were in the boat and being rapidly rowed over the shallow water. One of the Indians shrieked a warning. There was a rush for the second boat. José, Juan, and four others reached it and sprang in. The rest, fighting desperately, were unable to reach the water. One of them, tearing an Indian's fingers from his throat, cried to his compatriots—

"Go! Go! You have the maidens. We care not for the lashes of the padres. Take the girls in safety, and we will be with you before the week is over."

The boats pushed off, and soon reached the barque, which immediately started on its swift course across the bay.

* * * * *

Two weeks later there was a grand wedding "fiesta" at the Mission Dolores. Many of the bridegrooms' backs were sore, but they cared not, and the Indian maidens knew of many healing lotions. Father Estenega gave them all much sage advise, his eyes twinkling the while.

THE END.

Possible Boarder: "I enjoyed my dinner very much, Madam, and if it was a fair sample of your meals, I should like to come to terms."

Landlady: "First of all, Sir, was that a fair sample of your appetite!"

AT THE SEASIDE: TWO SIDES OF THE DINNER QUESTION.

THE NEW SERIES OF "P.I.P." STORIETTES will be found most INTERESTING for HOUSEHOLD READING.

# The "P.I.P." Farmer.

BY A FRESH HAND.

### Cultivation of the Iris.

AMONG the many blooms seen in our gardens, few are more luxuriant in growth than the iris—that is, when given a sandy, deep, and free soil. Previous to discovering the best conditions in which the iris can be grown, I had very many failures, the plants being stunted in growth, and, in several cases, without bloom. My experience was, indeed, most discouraging, but at length perseverance was rewarded, and my iris masses are among the best in my shady border. Clumps of

THE IRIS.

the mixed kinds are a sight worth seeing. The winter or early spring flowering varieties need no forcing, the mere protection of glass being sufficient.

### Pot Them up During the Present Month,

and place the plants in cold pits or cool houses at once. They may then be transferred to a greenhouse, shelf, or stage, or in a window, and they will go on flowering for a lengthy period, yielding a maximum amount of beauty and fragrance for a minimum of care and skill. Four-inch or 5-inch pots are best, and they thrive well in a compost of two parts loam and one each peat and sand. Plant from three to nine bulbs in a pot, as the iris looks best in masses.

### The Oxford and Cambridge Varieties.

named by my correspondent, are grown in large numbers by Carter, the well-known florist, at his trial grounds, Mortlake. Of a decided rich Oxford blue, the former is very popular at the time of the Boat-Race; the latter, a more delicate shade, being just as fashionable among followers of the fortunes of the rival crew. As a rule, these blooms are in their full beauty about the time of the great "Varsity Boat-Race.

### The Scottish Terrier

is said to be the fashionable dog of the future. This may or may not be the case, but my own opinion is that it will be a long time before the fox-terrier is deposed from his present position as the most popular dog of the day. The fact that

### Ladies Have Taken Up the "Die-Hard"

as a show variety no doubt accounts for the increasing demand there is for Scottish terriers, and it is a singular thing that to-day at least three of the best dogs now being shown are owned by ladies. Many of my readers will, no doubt, have heard of or seen Gair, Mrs. Hannay's famous

SCOTCH TERRIER.

terrier. He is, in fact, an ideal Scottish terrier, short in back, harsh in coat, possessed of plenty of bone, and an expression such as delights that good authority "Whinstone," who, I notice, still breeds a few good terriers.

### Mr. W. Cook

is one of our most indefatigable breeders of poultry, both utilitarian and fancy, and I have often promised myself a look round his famous farm at St. Mary Cray, Kent. I was within a mile or two of the village but a few weeks ago; in fact, I fancy my line lay through part of Mr. Cook's model poultry-farm. It was, however, impossible to break the journey, and so my visit to the home of the Orpington fowl has yet to be made. In *Farm, Field, and Fireside*, however, Mr. Cook lately gave interesting particulars of his latest creation,

### The Diamond Jubilee Orpington.

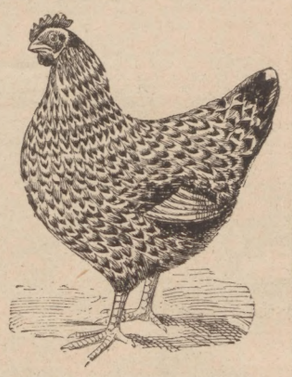
a fowl which is bound to become popular. He looks on it as a fowl which will make headway on account of its utilitarian qualities rather than on account of its appearance, although there are a certain number who are most pleased with the birds, as they had always retained a love for the variety which they had in their childhood's home. For a new breed, and one which has three distinct colours in its plumage, the breeding results have been quite satisfactory this year, as the percentage of mismarked birds has not been a large one, and one has a distinct advantage in having any of the Orpington varieties, as the mismarked birds can be utilised for table and the pullets for laying purposes. The colours in plumage are bright reddish-brown, black and white, and they should have four toes on each foot, and have perfectly white legs, light horn or white beak; a deep body, long breast-bone, and skin and flesh very white, either the single or rose comb variety. In the hens, the tail and wings should have a good deal of white, and underneath the flights they should be white. The tail should be carried fairly well back, and the single-comb birds should have erect combs.

### The Cocks

should have red face, and the breast should be the same colour as the hen's body. The hackles and saddle and back on the top should be a bright red, with feathers streaked with white and black. The long wing flights should be white, and also the greater part of the tail. Some birds come mismarked with yellow legs, and a few will come brown throughout their plumage, as it is impossible to breed a new variety true to points, for some of the breeds which have been made years still throw mismarked birds.

### By Careful Mating

of the best-coloured birds this will be remedied. They were introduced in the Diamond Jubilee year, and the Queen accepted a pen of them. The black, buff, and white Orpingtons have all become very popular, and on comparing the demand for Jubilees during the past year with



THE DIAMOND JUBILEE ORPINGTON.

that for the other varieties in their first year, it is almost certain that the last new variety will also be so.

### Another Poultry Farm

I hope to be able to visit soon is one of the best-arranged near London—that of our public-spirited and genial friend, Mr. Charles E. Brooke, ex-Master of the Poulters' Company, and one of the most indefatigable and unselfish workers for the promotion of poultry-farming in Great Britain and Ireland. Priceless has been the advice Mr. Brooke has freely given in the *P.I.P.* on poultry production.

### Defoliation of Fruit-Trees and Plants.

This season fruit-trees have, to an unusually large extent, suffered attacks by a pest which shows its presence by defoliating the trees.

### Paper Bands of Sticky Material

or bands constructed in a way difficult for the caterpillar to get over, are the best to be employed, and everybody who grows fruit should circumvent this pest.

### Excessive Railway Freights.

The high prices charged for freightage on some English railways are matters of both ancient and modern history, says the *Stock-keeper*. Mr. R. H. Colebrook, of Newchapel, East Grinstead, says that he sent a crate of dead poultry to Reading from Godstone, Surrey, a few days ago, which weighed 1 cwt. 19 lb., and was charged 8s. 6d. The distance was fifty-two miles. Mr. Colebrook states that he could have had a similar weight of live poultry from Ireland, by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, for 4s. 1d., and that, moreover, for this sum the birds would be watered and fed on the way. Then Mr. Colebrook goes on to say that some little while ago he received at Godstone station three crates of live fowls from Headcorn, in Kent, a distance of twenty-nine and a half miles, which weighed 1½ cwt. For these packages a charge of 10s. 6d. was made, over twopence a bird. In the same way, Mr. Colebrook says that the same weight would have

### Come from Ireland for 4s. 11d.,

just under a penny a bird. I confess that I do not wonder that foreigners can drive us out of our own markets when we are subjected to these payments. The charges on certain railways are notoriously high. A pocket of hops despatched from Paddock Wood, in the centre of the Medway Valley's great hop industry, costs more to reach the Borough, a distance of about thirty miles, than it would if consigned from New York to London.

### I Earnestly Appeal to all Home Railway Managers

to materially help British farmers and consumers by reducing the carriage of produce to a minimum. Every railway company might do much in this direction to help forward national prosperity.

### The National Chrysanthemum Society,

which will in another couple of months be showing us the latest wonders and most brilliant colours chrysanthemum cultivators have produced, has brightened the Westminster Aquarium on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday with a superb exhibition of dahlias, gladioli, and yearly chrysanthemums. These beautiful flowers have excited the warmest admiration among gardeners.

### A Scarce Work on Waterfowl.

I am obliged by the note sent me as to the whereabouts of a perfect copy of the book by "Henwife," mentioned by me a week or two ago. I will endeavour to secure a purchaser.

### Hair Falling Off a Fox-Terrier.

Without seeing the animal it is not possible to prescribe a remedy. If it is mange, which I strongly suspect, try James's Mange Specific, to be had on application to Manager, Fernbrech Kennels, Maulden, Ampthill, Beds. A sample pot can be had for 2s. 6d.

### A Useful Fowl.

"G. B. and S. C. R." would do well to run down to the farm of Mr. W. Cook, St. Mary Cray, where he would have ample opportunity of looking round one of the finest stocks in the South of England. Mr. Cook also has a place in the High Street, Borough. At either place reliable stock birds can be bought. The minorca ought to suit, for it is hardy, bears confinement well, and lays large eggs.

### Cheap Building Plots.

Mr. W. S. Robinson, 4, Bessborough Gardens, Westminster, writes me that he has several cheap plots, ranging from £10 to £30, for sale at Rayleigh. This is a district attaining great popularity, and from Mr. Robinson's description is one likely to meet the requirements of many of my recent correspondents. I will be pleased to hear of other owners who have similar plots to sell. If there is such a one in the Wye Valley district, between Chepstow and Monmouth, I think I can find an immediate customer. Fullest possible particulars must be given.

### A College of Rural Industries.

The Rev. G. T. Laycock, Terwick, near Petersfield, Hants, will, on application, forward my Walthamstow correspondent full particulars of his college.

### Cost of Eggs for Sitting.

My Welsh correspondent is informed that the price varies according to the strain required. Consult the columns of the *Feathered World* or *Poultry*, published weekly.

### Miscellaneous.

"Witham."—Get a local gardener to see your tree: the dead wood must be cut away.

"E. H."—It will be far better for you to buy the wash ready mixed. Any local plasterer will supply you with the quantity required for a few coppers.

N.B.—The "*P.I.P.* Farmer" will be pleased to reply to correspondence sent to him through the Editor of the *P.I.P.*, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

# CHESS.

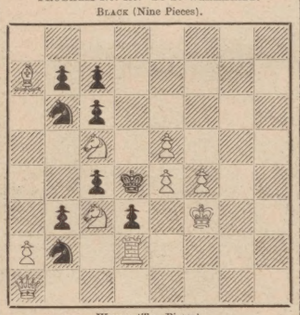
CONDUCTED BY I. GUNSBERG.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 238.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Kt to R 8th | Kt to Q 4th | 2. R to Kt 8th | Mate |
| 1. ,, | P to B 3rd | 2. Kt to B 7th | ,, etc. |

PROBLEM No. 239.—By F. WILHELMY.

BLACK (Nine Pieces).



WHITE (Ten Pieces).

White to play, and mate in two moves.

There may not be any snakes in Iceland, but Schlechter is not without imaginativeness, though he seldom takes the trouble to bring it into play, except when his opponent makes the way easy for him, as occurred in the appended game.

Game between SCHLECHTER and STEINITZ.

| WHITE (Schlechter). | BLACK (Steinitz.) | WHITE (Schlechter). | BLACK (Steinitz.) |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 12. P to B 5th | P takes P |
| 2. Kt to Q B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | He could not do otherwise. White is now in the ascendant. | |
| 3. B to B 4th | Kt to B 3rd | | |
| 4. P to Q 3rd | Kt to Q R 4th | 14. Q to Kt 3rd | B to Q 3rd |
| 5. K Kt to K 2nd | Kt takes B | 15. Q takes Kt P | K to K 2nd |
| 6. P takes Kt | P to Q 3rd | 16. Kt to B 6th | |
| Why on earth does he want to shut in his King's Bishop? | | Well played. If P takes Kt, 17. P to K 4th gets the piece back. | |
| 7. Castles | B to K 3rd | 16. | K Kt to Kt 1st |
| 8. P to Q Kt 3rd | P to B 3rd | 17. Kt to Kt 6 (ch) | K to Q 2nd |
| Weakening the Queen's Pawn instead of trying to bring his King into safe quarters. | | 18. R takes B (ch) | |
| | | His imagination is still rampant, and is soon rewarded by victory. | |
| 9. Q to Q 3rd | B to K 2nd | | |
| Black delays too long; he could play Q to B 2nd with the intention of Castling Queen's Rook as a protection for his Queen's Pawn. | | 18. | K takes R |
| | | 19. R to Q 1st (ch) | B to Q 4th |
| | | 20. Q takes P (ch) | K to Q 2nd |
| | | 21. Kt takes B | P takes B Kt |
| 10. B to Kt 5th | P to K R 3rd | 22. R takes P (ch) | K to B 3rd |
| 11. B takes Kt | B takes B | 23. Kt to K 7 (ch) | K to Kt 3rd |
| 12. Q R to Q 1st | B to K 2nd | 24. R to Q 6th (ch) | Resigns. |

# DRAUGHTS.

E. BENNETT.—The King must remain on the square on which it was first placed, according to Anderson's Rules.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 195.—By G. DOBBS.

*Black:* 4, 6, 10, 11, 17K, 29K.
*White:* 8, 13, 19, 22, 23, 25, 31K.

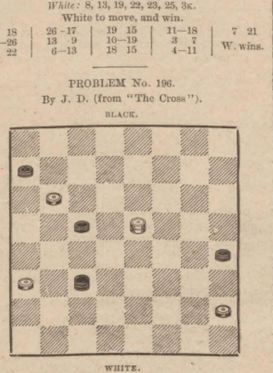
White to move, and win.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 23 18 | 26–17 | 19 15 | 11–18 | 7 21 |
| 17–26 | 13 9 | 10–19 | 3 7 | W. wins. |
| 25 22 | 6–13 | 18 15 | 4–11 | |

PROBLEM No. 196.

By J. D. (from "The Cross").

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and win.

GAME No. 147.

Played between Mr. REID (Black) and Mr. JAMES (White).

"Old Fourteenth" (*).

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11–15 | 21 17 | 10–15 | 1 6 | 15–18 | |
| 23 19 | 14–21 | 18 14 | 27–23 | 6 10 | |
| 8–11 | 23 5 | 2– 7 | 18 14 | 18–23 | |
| 22 17 | 15–18 | 9 6 | 22–25 | 5 1 | |
| 4– 8* | 26 23 | 1–17 | 14 9 | 11–15 | |
| 17 13 | 18–22 | 27 23 | 26–31 | 1 6 | |
| 15–18 | 25 18 | 22–26 | 6 2 | 27–31 | |
| 24 20 | 10–15 | 24 19 | 31–27 | 29 25 | |
| 11–15 | 19 10 | 15–24 | 9 5 | 23–27 | |
| 28 24 | 6–22 | 28 12 | 7–10 | 25 22 | |
| 9–14 | 23 18 | 26–31 | 2 6 | | |
| 26 23 | 7–10 | 23 18 | 10–15 | | |
| 8–11 | 32 28 | 31–27 | 6 10 | Drawn. | |
| 31 26 | 12–16 | 5 1 | 23–19 | | |
| 5– 9 | 13 9 | 17–22 | 10 6 | | |

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TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—Illus. Guide (259 pages), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston Rd., Ldn., 50 yrs.' reputation. Hairdressers fitted. Mgr., H. MYERS.—[ADVT.]

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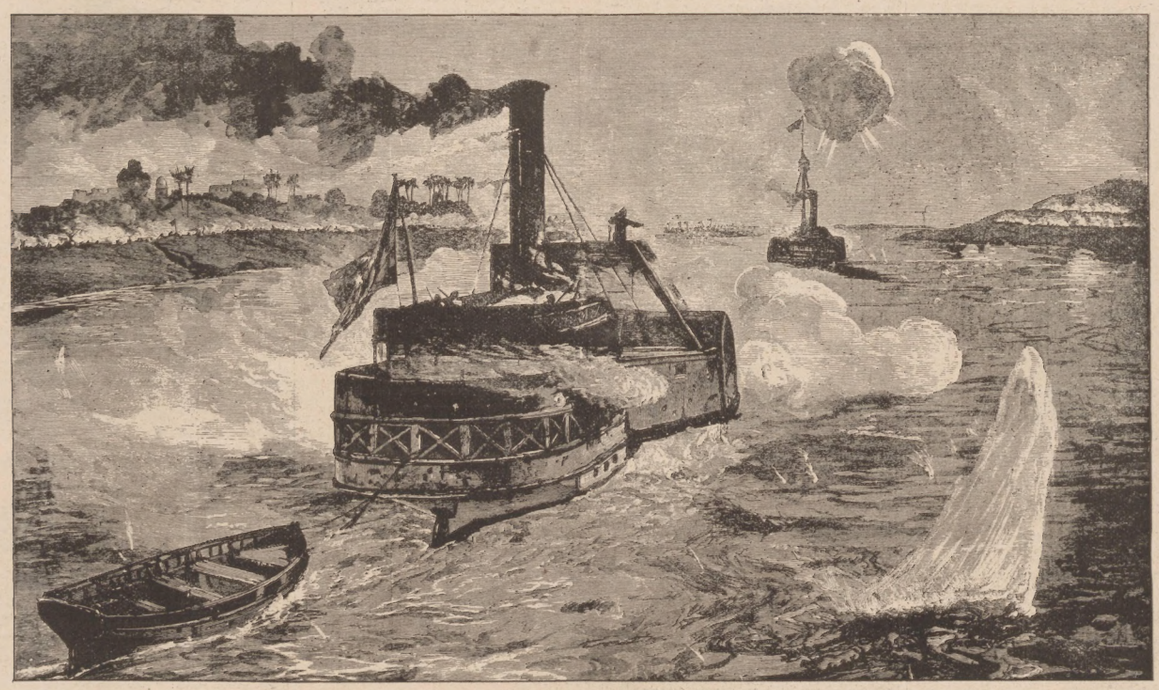
THE "P.I.P." RURAL ARTICLES are now written by a fresh hand—an Experienced Agriculturist.

Mosque and Palace of Khartoum, seen over the Trees. Island of Tuti, from which the Enemy Fired. Dervish Fort at Omdurman.



The **Sirdar** briefly informed the Secretary for War, on Sept. 1, from Nasri :"Keppel and gun-boats have returned, no casualties on board. Right bank of river completely cleared, all forts on that bank and Tuti Island demolished, and guns taken; howitzer practice was excellent."

SIR CHARLES WILSON'S PLUCKY FIGHT OPPOSITE OMDURMAN, REPRESENTED TO SHOW HOW KEPPEL'S GUN-BOATS PEPPERED THE KHALIFA.

HOW TOMMY ATKINS WITHSTOOD LIKE A ROCK THE KHALIFA'S FIERCE ATTACK

HOW KEPPEL'S NILE GUN-BOATS SMASHED THE KHALIFA'S FORTS.

# THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

## THE LAST COUNTY CRICKET MATCH OF THE SEASON.

WITH the sun smiling on everything and everybody, and shedding an amount of warmth to cause even the chilliest of mortals to dispense with as much clothing as the laws of propriety will allow, it seemed difficult, on Saturday evening last, to realise that the curtain had fallen on the season of county cricket. But so it was, for the programme ended with

**Surrey v. Warwickshire**

at Kennington Oval. The Midland county had a very lively time. They remained in the field while Surrey amassed the extraordinary total of 606, and in the end were beaten by an innings and 357 runs. How differently the respective counties wound up the year! But some such result was anticipated, for Warwickshire, in spite of the brothers Quaife, Lilley, Devey, and others, have not taken that part in the season's doings which their well-wishers could have desired. But to the last match. It was notable not only for Surrey's long score, but for the splendid commencement made by

**Abel and Brockwell,**

who scored respectively 135 and 152, and put together 265 runs for the first wicket; for the batting of Hayward (94) and Wood (74) and the bowling of

**Richardson,**

who took in Warwickshire's second innings eight wickets for 28 runs, and in the whole match

**Fifteen Wickets for 83 Runs.**

The effect of last week's matches was the displacement of Gloucestershire by Middlesex, the latter occupying the post of runners-up to Yorkshire, while the western county are third, Surrey fourth, Essex fifth, and Lancashire sixth. Of those who have lost more matches than they have won, Kent stand a good first, followed by Notts, who have drawn thirteen of sixteen matches played.

**The Scarborough Festival**

concluded last Saturday in more favourable circumstances than it began. Of the three matches which formed the programme, two had to be left in an incomplete state. Nevertheless, some good cricket was played during the ten days, and everyone, I think, benefited by a visit to the bracing Yorkshire seaside resort. A pleasing incident was the banquet to Lord Hawke and his county championship team at the Balmoral Hotel. Captain Henry Darley, J.P., presided, and among the company were the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Londesborough, Viscount Raincliffe, Sir Charles Legard, Sir George Sitwell, Hon. Julian Hawke, the Mayor of Scarborough, Mr. C. I. Thornton, Mr. A. O. Jones, Mr. H. B. Chinnery, and other members of the team opposed to the county in the concluding match. There is a great contrast between Scarborough and Hastings; but though not so bracing, the southern watering-place is a delightful spot, and the

**Hastings and St. Leonards Cricket Week**

a function that has given pleasure to thousands, your humble servant included. In the first match of the week Mr. A. E. Stoddart's Australian team opposed the Rest of England, and later Surrey and Sussex a Rest of England team including members of Mr. Stoddart's company of stars.

**The Cuca Cup Race at the Crystal Palace.**

This prize was in the "gone by" competed for by amateurs in a twenty-four hours race, and won three times by the redoubtable Frank Shorland; but since then long-distance races have lost their hold upon the public, so the trophy reappears as an attraction to professionals in a twenty-miles race, the winner of which holds the cup, becomes the champion of the Crystal Palace, and puts in his pocket £20. If these inducements are not sufficient, cyclists must be difficult to please. For Saturday's race there were riders of the best quality. The weather—well, I've told you what that was elsewhere; and the management was as perfect—as the reporter in his novitiate is sometimes guilty of saying—as the "meteorological surroundings." I did not want to say weather again, but there, I've done so. Never mind. Perhaps you, Sir, and Mr. Henry Gillman, will overlook the offence. F. A. B. Pettis, the American, secured the first and second lap prizes, and A. F. Body, the Australian, led in the sixth mile, but neither had anything to do with the finish, which was fought out by

**J. Green and A. J. Watson,**

the first-named winning by a wheel only in 48 min. 31-5 sec., C. F. Barden was third, and S. Jenkins fourth. J. Camp and G. R. Martin were the chief winners of lap prize money. T. J. Gascoyne and A. E. Darlon fell late in the race, which must be voted on the whole a success.

**Teddington Reach**

presented a very animated scene on Saturday last, and nothing occurred to spoil the full enjoyment of those who assisted at this popular regatta. I am a married man, but if I could make sure—how can I, seeing that it is in every home!—that my wife would not see the *P.I.P.*, I would furnish you with my reflections as I stood in charming company on the Albany Club's lawn. There were the sweetest of hats and ravishing dresses, and—well, there I must leave the subject, and get on with the sport, which provided much that was interesting. The "Albany" Challenge Cup for the Double Sculling Skiff Championship of the Thames was the leading item, and this was deservedly won by

**E. L. and H. B. Harrison, with Mrs. Sherriff at the Helm,**

for they rowed their opponents in the final to a standstill. R. O. Atcherley won the Pullman Challenge Cup for Single Sculls. "Sporting Notions" Martin Cobbett and W. H. Eyre, with Mrs. Lancefield as coxswain, had 9 sec. start in the Veterans' Double Sculling Handicap, and victory was their portion. The Misses Ellis won the Ladies' Double Sculls; Miss Rook and R. O. Atcherley, the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Double Sculls; E. E. H. Green and R. Pimm the Junior Double Sculls; and A. H. Pullman and C. Wakefield the Double Canadian Canoes. The City of London Police Band discoursed sweet music under the direction of Mr. A. R. Stewart.

**Molesey Invitation Regatta**

attracted largely, though there were but three items, and the social side of the picture formed a pleasing feature. J. H. Hardwicke, with 1 min. 25 sec. start, "whiffed" home first for the Dobree Sculls; P. Sergeant stroked the winning boat in the Bianchi Fours; A. Newberry did ditto in the De Wette Fours; and from Lady Vogel the lucky ones received their respective rewards. The

**Ibis R.C. Regatta**

was a big success, the entries being larger than those secured at any similar function this season. H. T. Blackstaffe, of the Vesta, was at scratch in the open handicap sculls; but he did not get nearer than third, G. Bailey, Kensington, 25 sec., being first, and J. A. Whitlark, London R.C., 15 sec., second. In the Open Eights, E. Davies's crew won after a good race in the final with E. R. Woodgate's crew.

**Henley Town and Visitors' Regatta.**

The concluding portion of this regatta, embracing the tradesmen's and working men's events, provided some capital racing. F. Mott's crew of the Henley United R.C. created a surprise by beating the Putney Sons of the Thames in the open Senior Fours, but they were themselves beaten in the final by Maidenhead Bridge. F. Mott won the Senior Sculls, and W. Parrott, another member of the Henley United, the Junior Sculls.

**Athletic Meetings last Saturday**

were numerous, if not of a very important character. St. Bride's Institute A.C. had an afternoon out at Stamford Hill, and their programme included a flying squadron race, which the Goldsmiths' Institute A.C. team won.

**Messrs. Spottiswoode's Employés**

indulged in all kinds of sport at Broxbourne. Hentschel's A.C. assembled at Herne Hill, and carried out a somewhat ambitious programme in delightful circumstances. Some sports held at the Spotted Dog, Upton, in aid of the West Ham Hospital, attracted, I am happy to say, some four thousand persons. There were events in which all could join in if they so chose, and there were those of more serious character in which athletic skill was a *sine qua non*. A. R. Bullivant, from scratch, won the old boys' 100-yards handicap, the open event of the same kind being taken by Paul Carter, Essex Beagles, who had 3½ yards start. F. C. Cox, with an allowance of 15 yards, took the 220-yards handicap, and the open mile went to R. R. Thurlow, Essex Beagles, who had 102 yards start, and ran home a winner in 4 min. 25 4-5 sec.

**Football in Midsummer Weather.**

Though there are large numbers who consider the first of September too early a period to begin "our winter (?) game," there are also large numbers who are quite ready for it at this time. I am inclined to think, however, that a few such openings to September as that we have had this year would afford the most convincing argument in favour of an extension of the close time. It is chiefly the paid talent that has so far been seen in the field, and I am afraid with many of the professional organisations that even early beginnings and late endings do not enable them to make a very profitable business of it. Aston Villa on Saturday beat Stoke in the presence of some twenty thousand persons. Sunderland visited Deepdale, and were honoured by a company of fifteen thousand, many of whom were perhaps quite prepared for what happened — the defeat of Preston North End. Other winners in the First Division of the League were Bury, Liverpool, Wolverhampton Wanderers, and Blackburn Rovers. It was a stiff match in the Second Division between

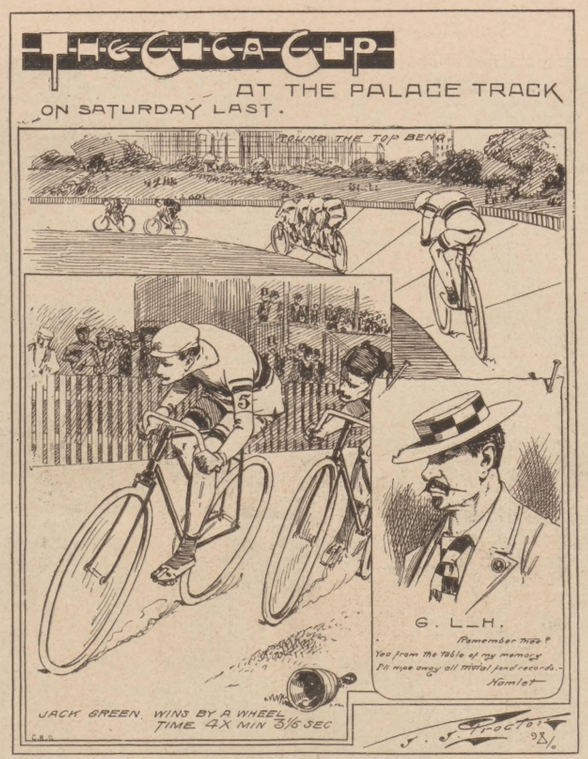
**Luton Town and Woolwich Arsenal,**

the latter winning by one goal to none. The play was not of the most accurate kind. Millwall Athletic have started in promising fashion with defeats over Loughborough and Renton, and that last season's falling away in form has not caused spectators to desert Eastferry Road was shown by the company on Saturday last.

**In Sketching the Reading Athletic Sports,**

our Pastimes Artist erred against good taste in writing under one of the figures, "Who is he when he is at home?" and we beg to offer our sincere regrets and apologies to the gentleman in question for the uncalled-for remark. One of the oldest members of the Reading Athletic Club, the gentleman referred to had travelled over two hundred miles especially to be present at the meeting. The remark was intended to be made simply in fun. None the less our Artist is very sorry he made it—particularly as it was levelled against one who had proved himself so staunch a sportsman and so devoted a friend of his club. Forgive and forget!

BANSHEE.




# The World's Millennium.

## "BY ORDER OF THE CZAR."

THE great Cæsar of the Russias, seated on a throne enwreathed
With the spoils of years of warfare, guarded by the sword unsheathed,
All around him counting millions, kept submissive by that sword,
In the battle-song of ages fain would strike a peaceful chord,
O'er the flood of struggling nations bear the promise of the Lord.

'Tis a noble dream and holy, worthy of a poet sage;
He would draw the world's Millennium near ere comes its destined age.
True, may lurk the hand of iron 'neath the statesman's velvet glove,
And a diplomatic purpose underline the words of love;
Or he may, like Israel's rulers, be inspired by Heaven above.

It was so in the beginning, it may be so in the end,
Even in this age of schism, God His Gabriels doth send.
They are scorned and they are doubted, yet their words undimmed shall ring,
For the future, clearer sighted than the present, forth shall bring
Great events, their wisdom proving and their truth unwavering.

But methinks the world's Millennium never shall be nearer brought
By the dearth of patriotism and the death of warlike thought,
For as long as love of country God-like makes the heart of man,
And while crowned and sceptred tyrants make their "right divine" a ban,
War shall be and warlike rumours, Freedom onward in the van.

By the sword we won our Freedom, by the sword we keep it still:
Battles justified are holy, God ere now hath worked His will,
And made manifest His purpose through the medium of war.
Did not Moses, priest and prophet, gazing in a Future far,
Guide the battle-din, proclaiming God Himself a Man of War?

When we learn aright the lesson which to teach He came from Heaven—
That God's message was not given to one Church alone, but seven;
When we sweep aside the clogging growth of modern thought, and see
The old world's Divine Reformer as He is and e'er shall be,
Not an idol man created, wrapped in its own mystery;

When no more ignoble battles round the Cross of Peace shall rage;
When we own that Truth and Honour are man's highest heritage;
When we cease to praise Jehovah with our eyes on Mammon's shrine,
In our secret deeds confessing him while owning the Divine,
Then in truth a bright Millennium o'er a toiling world shall shine.

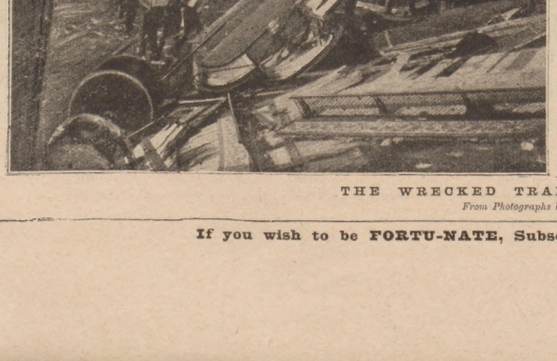
Let the Ruler of the Russias free the slaves upon his soil,
Own the dignity and grandeur of man's God-appointed toil;
Let him lift from straining shoulders, 'neath the burden sorely tried,
The hereditary evil, rank and riches deified.
Then, and only then, the Lion shall lie down the Lamb beside.

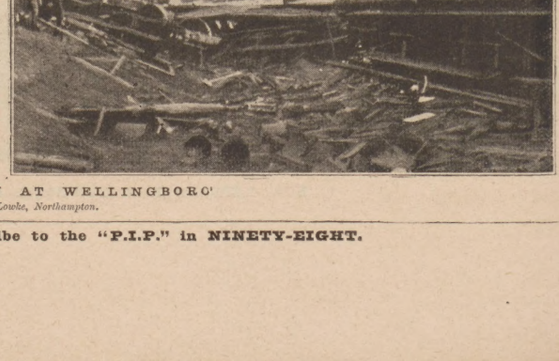
For the world is ours. Oh! brothers, we can make it what we will.
God its good to man has given: man alone has worked its ill.
We could break its every fetter, trample down its wrongs untold.
If we would but judge a brother by his worth and not his gold,
Lo! the world would smile: a garden angel-guarded as of old.

KATE BISHOP ("Kay Bee.")

**The Wellingboro' Station Railway Disaster**

on Friday se'nnight plunged many homes into mourning. We are indebted to Mr. W. J. Bassett Lowke, of Northampton, for the photographs we print of the wrecked Manchester express. The 6.40 p.m. express from St. Pancras to Manchester, on Sept. 2, when passing through Wellingboro' station was derailed, and ploughed its way into the embankment. Several carriages were completely wrecked, one being in flames. The driver, fireman, and four passengers were killed, and many injured. The train consisted of one locomotive and four dining-cars, the latter being of the latest pattern, with "celestial" roofs, and the whole being equal in length to twelve ordinary carriages. The accident is alleged to have been caused by boys pushing a heavy luggage-barrow on the rails. The fire was speedily extinguished by the company's servants, and not one passenger was injured by the flames. The scene of wreckage was visited by thousands of persons on Saturday, and the passenger station was besieged by inquirers who came from the North to ascertain the fate of their friends and relatives, and to identify the dead. Those who lost their lives in this mournful catastrophe were—E. Meadows, engine-driver; Joyce, fireman; Mr. Richardson, Leicester; Miss Clark, King's Norton; Mrs. Rose Anna Butler, aged fifty-one, Leicester; and Mr. Dix, Derby.





THE WRECKED TRAIN AT WELLINGBORO'

*From Photographs by Lowke, Northampton.*

If you wish to be **FORTU-NATE**, Subscribe to the "**P.I.P.**" in **NINETY-EIGHT.**

## THE RACING WORLD.

MAJOR EGERTON, whose death last week all regret, was a faithful servant to the Racing World. As an amateur, he used to make handicaps by way of amusement and as a study of form to guide himself in betting speculations, which were never of a heavy nature. Among the

**Jockey Club Circle**

his talent in putting horses together was fully recognised, but few outside were aware of the long period of training he had undergone to make him eminently the right man in the right place as follower of Mr. Weatherby. To his office attached an enormous amount of work—labour of a most difficult nature; and no wonder that now and then his efforts to do justice all round failed, or appeared to have done so before tried by strong test in actual running.

**The Major's Record**

was a fine one, and now he has gone we shall find how really valuable his work was. For some months Major Egerton's health failed, and from being a grand, burly sportsman—on the shady side of middle-age, we will admit, but active withal, and equal to plenty of physical exertion—he shrank to a

**Shadow of His Former Self.**

Two months ago he seemed to rally somewhat, but the recovery was only temporary. How much of the

**Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire Handicaps**

he is solely responsible for it is difficult to guess, since he for some time was aided in his labours; but it will lend a melancholy interest to those affairs to watch how the dead hands' shaping of the model and the realisation tally. As the acceptances are due in this week, I shall not go into either the Cesarewitch or the short distance handicap. I will just remark that imported horses appear to me to be unduly favoured, and writing irrespective of the Sellinger result, I cannot see why Jeddah was put in so lightly as he is. True, according to conditions,

**The Winner of the Leger**

has to carry only 8 st. 2 lb., if handicapped below that weight originally; and certainly the average of our competitors in great three-year-old races is poor. But after his failures Jeddah came out as a good horse. We most of us thought he was so

**When He Won the Derby.**

The style in which he carried off the

**Ascot Prince of Wales's Stakes**

more than confirmed that opinion. Until the third of the classic three-year-old stakes, as they are more or less correctly reckoned—namely, the Two Thousand, Derby, and Leger—might prove to the contrary,

**Jeddah Ought,**

so I believed, to be given more than he has been set to carry. Punters would not have been laying 5 to 2 on him last Saturday if they had not thought he stood out by himself among his contemporaries. According to general verdict he was spoiling the business altogether as regards what may be called a race, for it was to be a case of Jeddah first and the rest nowhere. True, the course was likely to be hard, and all manner of things happen when even sound horses gallop two miles on such going. Against that we had the

**Race Committee's Assurance**

that the turf was in good order, thanks to recent rains. Again, the stable were pleased with the way he finished his preparation; and, moreover, none of the opposition appeared very hopeful of upsetting the great favourite. A one-horse race, said most. Still, the probability of a virtual walk-over did not stand in the way of the Yorkshiremen's turning up in full force. They believe in doing the Town Moor when

**Doncaster September Meeting**

is on, and rain or shine, heat or cold, makes very little difference to them. Neither does it to the regular racing army, who gather from all over England. They are bound to be there, and attend accordingly. Hotter the town never was. Seldom has it been more crowded on a first day. Probably the collection of traps boasted greater variety than on any former occasion, or the efforts of butter-scotch vendors, card-sellers, and the rest carried greater noise with them. Getting along the streets, as far as pavements are concerned, was a tedious operation, and as the streams of foot-passengers ranged themselves in the stands, the rings, the paddock, the enclosure opposite, or in the open, the crowd appeared great as ever.

**One Missed with Great Regret H.R.H. the Prince of Wales,**

still unable to take his favourite diversion, and always keen to see Marsh's horses run. H.R.H. is ever welcome on our racecourses, and we shall all be delighted when he returns to the Turf. Next year, let us hope, the Prince will be on the Town Moor to hear the

**Good Old Yorkshire Roar,**

which starts with the fall of Mr. Coventry's flag, dies out, and swells again during the earlier stakes of the race, till as the field comes in at the Intake turn it grows in volume almost deafening to the Southron who happens to be planted among a strong posse of enthusiastic Tykes. It was a surprise for everyone when

**Captain Greer's Wildfowler won the St. Leger**

on Wednesday afternoon, and beat the supposed-to-be unvanquishable Jeddah. Captain Greer's fleet chestnut Wildfowler — by Gallinule — Tragedy — was splendidly ridden by Charles Wood. It was known he had won his trial gallop. This was the order in which the first three finished:—

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds: colts, 9 st.; and fillies, 8 st. 11 lb.; second receives 300 sovs., and the third 100 sovs.; Old St. Leger Course, about 1 mile 6 furlongs and 132 yards. 217 subscribers.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Captain Greer's ch c Wildfowler, by Gallinule—Tragedy (White, tartan sleeves, red cap) | C. Wood | 1 |
| Mr. Larnach's ch c Jeddah, by Janissary—Pilgrimage (Light blue, brown striped sleeves) ... ... ... ... ... ... | J. Watts | 2 |
| Mr. A. Belmont's ch c Bridegroom II., by Rayon d'Or—St. Bridget (Scarlet, maroon sleeves, black cap) ... ... | T. Loates | 3 |

St. Leger time by Benson's chronograph—3 min. 13 sec. Time last year, 3 min. 31½ sec.

BENDIGO.

JEDDAH, WINNER OF THE DERBY, AND FAVOURITE FOR THE ST. LEGER.

**The New Palace Steamers** have during the hot weather contributed much to the health of melting Londoners. The *Royal Sovereign* and *Koh-i-Noor* have carried many thousands from the Old Swan Pier, London Bridge, to Southend, Margate, Ramsgate and back daily. *La Marguerite* has maintained her popularity as the swiftest pleasure-steamer, going from Tilbury to Boulogne or to Ostend and back in one day; and *La Belgique*, for the last time this season, leaves Tilbury at 9.45 a.m. on Sept. 10 for Ostend, returning therefrom at 10.30 a.m. on Sunday. Baked citizens seeking renovation in any of these invigorating sea-trips should not fail to read Mr. Austin Brereton's useful and interesting Official Guide to the New Palace Steamers, price 2d. only. Mr. Brereton's gem of a handbook forms not only a serviceable guide, but a souvenir of what is in fine weather a most delightful excursion.

**Brock's Benefit at the Crystal Palace.** when Mr. Thomas Thorne and the company now appearing at Terry's Theatre will give an afternoon performance of "Our Boys," takes place on Sept. 22, not Sept. 24, as previously announced, and Sept. 22 will see an exceptionally magnificent display of Brock's fireworks.

**The London Halfpenny Dailies** are doing very well. The first of them, the *Echo*, has gone up by leaps and bounds since Mr. Passmore Edwards sold it to the syndicate which will presently be master of all the shares. The *Morning Leader*, conducted with so much spirit by Mr. Ernest Parke, has also risen rapidly in circulation. The *Daily Mail* is a marvellous success for the Harmsworths. The *Morning* (upon which more than one fortune has been lost) makes a fresh bid for favour. Mr. David Christie Murray brightly commenced a series of signed articles on Monday, when the title was changed to the *London Morning*.


# OPEN THE FOUR DOORS.

Some years ago a popular play was running at the leading theatre in one of the great cities of America. Night after night the house was crowded. To get in at all it was necessary to buy tickets in advance. Brilliant audiences absorbed the music and applauded the performance. The critics said it was a grand success, and the management suspended the free list. Yet on the night I am about to mention one visitor, not "connected with the Press," entered unchallenged and without a ticket. His name was *Death*—but nobody saw him. Parquette, balcony, boxes, and gallery—all were packed. Diamonds glittered on snowy necks, perfumes were wafted about by waving fans, eyes shone with pleasurable excitement; the people were happy under the stimulus of their combined vitality. Who would have dared to hint that they were not *safe?* If anybody *thought* it no one *said* it. Still, *there stood Death at the wings*, waiting the moment he knew was near at hand. It came, and the tragedy that followed thrilled the world with horror. The near-by community bowed down under it as the men and beasts of caravans hide their faces before a desert sandstorm. The disaster seemed too great for pity, and the common feeling of sympathy was dulled, as pain is dulled by a narcotic. You ask me for the details! Why, man, the papers overflowed with them for a week. I can't repeat them here. "But the nature and the reason of the calamity?" Yes, you shall know that. Read this letter first, and then we will learn a double lesson.

"In September, 1895, I suddenly fell into a low state of health. The life and force were gone from me; I was weary and languid. My skin was sallow; and cold, clammy sweats came over me; my hands and feet were cold as death. In my stomach was a gnawing pain, which continued day and night. I was racked with pain and lay broad awake half the night. My appetite forsook me, and every morsel of food I took produced so much distress that I used liquids only, such as beef-tea and milk. I became so weak it was hard work for me even to cross the floor. My kidney secretion was high-coloured, scanty, and thick.

"Thus I went on for a year and a half, all the time growing weaker and weaker. I have not words to describe my suffering. I am sure *I aged ten years* in that brief period; I had lost so much flesh and got so thin and shrunken. In the early part of 1896 I was so bad and helpless that friends and relations had to come and nurse me. For four months I was assisted in and out of bed, and dressed and undressed by them.

"The pain in the stomach now increased until my nurses were put to trouble to keep me in bed. The attending doctor said I was suffering from peritonitis; but neither poultices, applications, nor medicine relieved me. Once I lay for twenty-one hours in such pain you can scarcely imagine it.

"In May (1897) all my friends and neighbours thought I could not possibly live, and *the prayers of the Church were offered for me.* I then began taking Mother Seigel's Syrup, which I obtained from Mr. Nice, Grocer, Bury St. Edmunds. After having used it a few days I felt great relief, and the pains were much abated. I could eat, and was stronger. I continued with this medicine, improving daily, and by and by was strong and well. I can now do my house-work and eat any kind of food. Since then I have had no return of the disease. I am convinced that Mother Seigel's Syrup saved my life. You may publish this letter, and refer anyone to me." (Signed) (Mrs.) Hannah Ruddock, The Guild Hall, Bardwell, Bury St. Edmunds, Nov. 11, 1897.

The case is well known to the people of Bardwell, who corroborate Mrs. Ruddock's statement. She is very much respected, and several ladies residing in the neighbourhood visited her during her illness.

Now for the especial point I want you to understand and remember. In the process of digestion, and of living, waste and outworn substances constantly accumulate in the body. They are all more or less poisonous, and nature has arranged to expel them immediately. If they are got rid of as fast as they are produced, we enjoy our usual good health. But, bear in mind, we are *never* wholly free from them. "If," says a medical authority, "a man's blood at any one time contained ten times its normal amount of these poisons, he would die; just as he would from swallowing a fatal dose of any poison."

Now the body has *four doors* through which these things are expelled—the skin, the bowels, the kidneys, and the lungs. Keep them open and all is well. Close any one or more of them and we are ill. Keep them long closed and we die. In Mrs. Ruddock's case these exits were impeded by her disease. Her stomach, paralysed by dyspepsia, threw more and more of the poisons into the blood. Hence a complication which only a medicine like Mother Seigel's Syrup could overcome. *That* stopped the excessive manufacturer of the poisons, opened the *four doors*, and saved her.

As for those poor people at the burning theatre. There was a panic at the alarm of fire, *the exits were inadequate, and hundreds were consumed alive in the raging flames.* Surely I need not enforce such lessons as these.

## THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE GOLDEN INDIAN SUMMER WARMTH with which September opened so sunnily, cheering holiday folks still in the country and home-stayers in big cities alike, should not lead any of us to neglect the warmer under-garments and wraps which the arrival of autumn will soon render it most advisable to provide ourselves with.

It is interesting to read about the young

**Queen of Holland,**

who came of age on the last day of August, and whose inauguration fêtes have drawn so many visitors to Amsterdam this week. It has been said, but I hope it is not true, that, by an old Dutch law, she cannot now live in the same palace as her mother, the Queen Regent. It seems cruel to separate mother and child as long as the latter remains unmarried, and such a very stup'd law, if it exists, ought to be set aside.

Plenty of lovely fur garments are to be seen in the shops, although we have no need of them on our persons just yet awhile; but anyone of my readers who wishes to know what the

**Fashion in Furs**

is to be this coming winter would do well to invest sixpence in the *Lady's Pictorial* for Sept. 3, for in it will be found a number of sketches and descriptions of the newest and smartest capes and jackets. Some are long, some are short; but as a rule

**The Jackets Fit Into the Figure**

at the back. I must repeat what I said last week—that I do not admire the capes, and I cannot understand why a designer has not set himself or herself to work to put some of the frills (imagine frills of fur!) which are on the rounded fronts of these capes, upon the shoulders, in order to take from them their dowdy and depressed appearance; and in spite of the fact that one of our famous fur companies is exhibiting fur and chiffon in combination, I consider the heavy and the light materials are

**Incongruous and Ineffective Together;**

and I am sure that anyone who buys the handsome sable cape with the flounce of pale grey chiffon round it, will very soon dispense with the services of the latter. Much more beautiful and appropriate is the

**Cape of Purple Velvet**

for evening wear sold by the same company. This exquisite garment is lined with ermine, and the high collar and flounce are sable. Except in these lovely furs there is nothing new to record in the world of fashion; and visits to the shops may be postponed with safety during the early part of this month.

**A Light Cloth Cape**

is sufficient for a wrap when the wind is not cold exactly, but colder than it was two or three weeks ago.

A correspondent asks me if

**The Pretty Muff-Chains**

are still worn, and if it would be considered extravagant if she had more than one? The chains are still worn; but as this is not the muff season, they are used for eye-glasses, watches, and for what, when I was a girl, used to be called "Charms." I never thought the so-called muff-chains suitable for muffs; and as to the number of them which one person may have, that must depend upon whether

**The "Pin Money"**

is little or much. There is no harm in having more than one. I notice that a great many women are miserable if they cannot have a variety of

**Hats, Bonnets, and Frocks;**

but it is really far better not to have one's wardrobe stuffed full of clothes which are not worn out when the fashion changes. I know a girl who had thirteen blouses in one season, and the next there was a decided alteration in the sleeves, and there she was, behind the fashion and not at all happy. But it gave her a lesson, and she has been satisfied with just three or four up-to-date shirts and one smart blouse.

I think I may have mentioned a week or two ago

**An Article by Sarah Grand**

which appeared in the *Lady's Realm* for August. In it, I am sorry to say, she made what I must term a malevolent attack upon what she calls "the Old Woman"—not old in years, but one who is not advanced enough to approve of the discussion of all manner of delicate subjects between men and women, or of the wearing of the rational dress instead of petticoats, etc. The "Old Woman," Mrs. Grand declares, "knows her own sex as little as she cares for it—that is to say, not at all. She only recognises other women in their relation to men, and that in one sense only. . . . The Old Woman depends upon man for her pleasure!" Does she, indeed! What about those noble women who had done grand work in the world—

**Women Such as Florence Nightingale—**

before the gospel according to Sarah Grand was ever heard of? I highly approve of some of the aims and objects which have been set forth in "The Heavenly Twins." I do not think that ignorance and innocence are the same thing; I do not think that girls should be brought up exclusively with a view to marriage,

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## "P.I.P." REGATTA SNAP-SHOTS.

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MARGATE REGATTA: AQUATIC SPORTS IN THE HARBOUR.

SOUTHEND REGATTA AND SOUTHEND'S SUPERB PROMENADE PIER, OVER TWO MILES LONG.

and I think they should not be what is vulgarly called

**Ready to "Jump at"**

the first man who proposes to them. But I do not approve of Sarah Grand's method of setting forth her views. Neither do I think a really pure-minded woman could tell the coarse anecdotes which abound in at least one of the advanced novels of the day.

In the September number of the *Lady's Realm*,

**Lady Jeune Defends the "Old Woman,"**

and right admirably is her work done. She is as temperate as Mrs. Grand is bellicose and unjust; and all we women who love progress and liberty without license, owe her ladyship a deep debt of gratitude. Not having any new fashions in dress to record, I make no apology for dwelling for a short time upon the above subject, and I hope that many of the World of Women will read the articles in the August and September numbers of the *Lady's Realm* and judge for themselves.

Have any of my readers heard of

**"The Bicycle Omelette?"**

A recipe is given for one in the *Ladies' Home* for Sept. 3. Take one dessertspoonful of flour and make it into a thin cream with milk—the recipe says nearly a cupful, that is vague. It is wiser to use enough to make the thin cream. Then beat up four eggs, yolks and whites together; add them to the flour and milk, with, in addition, a little cayenne and a pinch of salt. Next put three ounces of butter into an omelette-pan, and, as soon as it is at a blue heat, pour in the batter. Let it remain for a few minutes over a clear good fire, then sprinkle the omelette with some finely chopped herbs and a soupçon of onion. Double the omelette quickly over and shake it out upon a very hot dish.

**Potato Rissoles are Also Very Good,**

and easily made. Mash up any cold potatoes which have been left from luncheon or early dinner, add a little pepper, salt, and butter, or good beef dripping. Form them into balls, and make a hole in the top of each, which fill with any scraps of cold meat, minced up very finely, and flavoured with a few drops of Worcester sauce or chutney. Close the hole over to make the ball complete again; then fry them a delicate brown, and serve very hot with fried parsley.

**In a Trip Down the River** to Southend or Margate, not the least among the various objects of interest passed are the training-ships moored in the Thames. The one we illustrate is the *Cornwall*, a third-rate vessel of 2917 tons, formerly borne on the books of the Royal Navy as the *Wellesley*. She is now lent to the School Ship Company and moored off Purfleet, where it serves as a reformatory training-ship. Other training-ships stationed in the Thames are the *Lexmouth*, at Grays, and the *Arethusa*, *Chichester*, and *Worcester* (for officers) at Greenhithe.

THE "CORNWALL" TRAINING-SHIP FOR SAILOR LADS ON THE THAMES AT PURFLEET.

**The Soup-Kitchen at Pontlottyn, South Wales.**

Pontlottyn is one of the large coal-mining parishes on the hills of Glamorganshire. It borders upon Merthyr and Dowlais on one side and upon Tredegar on the other. The parish consists of six colliery villages with about 7000


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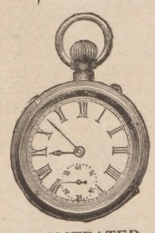

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inhabitants entirely dependent upon the coal. In villages such as these during a strike the people have absolutely nothing to subsist on, as they may have in older and more established towns. The Vicar (the Rev. T. Rees), with a staff of workers, has kept a soup-kitchen for children open here for the last eighteen weeks. Great care is taken that the children only are relieved, and each child has to bring a cup and eat its food in the school-room before returning home.

A great number of the children are without shoes or stockings, and are in a terribly destitute state. I know it is the duty of colliers (as it is of other members of the community) to see that those dependent upon them do not want the ordinary necessaries of life before they take the grave step of going out on strike. But, for all that, in this Christian country children must not be left to starve. The pitiful condition of the hungry little ones fed by this worthy Vicar has been painfully brought home to me by some photographic groups sent me. Money will be well bestowed forwarded for this humane purpose to the Rev. T. Rees, The Vicarage, Pontlottyn, Cardiff.

I conclude with another sweet lyric by Winifred E. Heard, whose poems seem to me particularly well adapted to be set to music—

### The Reason Why.

Because you are so winning,
With the soft light in your eyes,
Because your voice is softened
By a love that never dies,
Because your hand is firmest
When the darkest hour may be,
Because I love you, dearest,
And I know that you love me

This is the reason, darling,
This is the reason why
I shall love you all my lifetime,
This is the reason why.

You say you own no beauty,
And no wealth or jewels rare;
A priceless gem you give me
In that woman's heart, my dear;
I crave no fading beauty,
And no jewels or glittering gold.
But all that has been given
In your love I always hold

This is the reason, darling,
This is the reason why
I shall love you all my lifetime,
This is the reason why.

MARGUERITE.

## SEASIDE REGATTA VIEWS.

THE seaside regatta season is now in full swing; and with the fresh lease of life which the summer seems to have taken, the meetings have, as a rule, been very successful.

### Ramsgate

had a perfect day on the First of September for its regatta. The crowd was so great as to make it a difficult matter for all to obtain even a glimpse of the sports in the harbour in the afternoon. Nevertheless, though the harbour had its crowd two or three deep, with small boys perched on every available lamp-post, spar, or chimney-pot, anyone looking at the sands on the other side of the pier would have imagined that the whole population of Ramsgate was gathered there engaged in paddling, and making castles—and sheep's-eyes, peradventure, in the case of some few loungers. A Kentish Watering Place, which cherishes the remembrance of Her Majesty's sojourn there in the days of her youth with the Duchess of Kent, Ramsgate stands out as

### One of the Most Deservedly Renowned Health-Resorts

near London, and is reached with despatch by the lines of the amicably united South-Eastern and London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Companies. Ramsgate's public spirit in improving the town so greatly should be generally copied by the public authorities of every Pleasure Haunt in the kingdom. The Granville Hotel is still of high repute as one of the best managed palatial caravanserais in the kingdom.

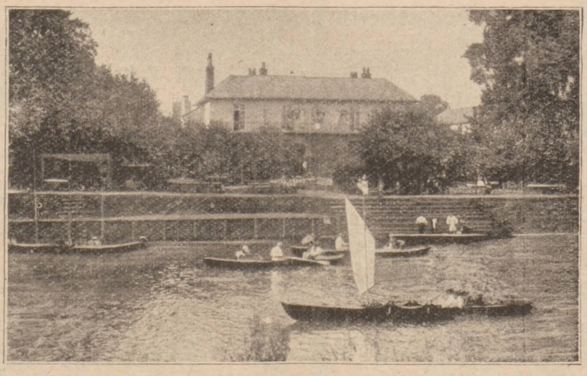
### Margate

in particular has much to do for the embellishment of its front ere this salubrious and bracing town can be said to have done its duty by the numberless visitors who year after year flock there for recuperation. "Lord George Sanger," it is true, as a *P.I.P.* Artist recently showed, has acquitted himself right well in the notable improvements he has carried out at the Hall-by-the-Sea, where dancing is so gaily indulged in. But an Etablissement des Bains, or Casino by the waves, after the style of the Marine Pleasure Palace at Boulogne, has yet to be provided by Margate; and her citizens and Mayor should bestir themselves to build one, and place it under municipal control. On Monday morning the *Marguerite* was again caught near Margate bathing sands in a fog, but received no injury. The Regatta on Tuesday last naturally attracted fresh crowds to Merry Margate; and the Committee worked most zealously and well to amuse the thousands who viewed the racing.

### Southend, Too,

has had a sparkling regatta. This popular and rapidly extending Essex Watering Place at the mouth of the Thames deserves the public favour it has won. Improvements are being made every day. Indeed, anyone who has not been there for a year or two would scarcely know the place. The present year has seen the addition of one hundred yards or so to the already lengthy pier, which is over two miles long; also the completion of a Marine Park, in which you can enjoy the delights of a switch-back, the water-chute, and other sensations. Then Southend has lately witnessed the unveiling of a statue of the Queen erected in honour of the Jubilee, the starting of a Hotel Métropole, and finally, the erection of a revolving tower, the latest form of mechanical amusement, which was opened to the public a few weeks ago. We have much pleasure in giving a *P.I.P.* Snapshot of Southend Pier in regatta time.

THE FAMOUS VIEW OF THE THAMES FROM THE ROAD BY THE "STAR AND GARTER," RICHMOND HILL.



**Eel Pie Island**, now under the management of Mr. Edgar Shand, well known as the founder of the palatial steamer *Queen Elizabeth*, was *en fête* on the occasion of the Twickenham Juvenile Regatta, and contributed to the success of the meeting with its illuminations and dancing on the lawn. These fêtes are now held every Wednesday and Saturday evening, when Fisher's Imperial Band provides for the entertainment of visitors. Refreshments are served on the lawn at moderate rates, and trips may be made either by launch or rowing-boat to Richmond or Teddington Lock. With careful and prudent management, Eel Pie Island Pleasaunce should be an undoubted success.

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Glover's Island, at present occupied by a boat-house, has been announced for sale, and fears are entertained that the loveliness of the scene may be spoiled by the erection of some hideous monstrosity of the manufacturing or advertising class. The owner has agreed to give the option of purchase to the Richmond Corporation for £4000, and a subscription has been started by the Mayor for the purpose of raising this amount. If successful, we suppose the island will be made over to the public for the benefit of picnic-parties, as has been done with Steven's Eyot at Kingston, which is such a favourite resort on Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

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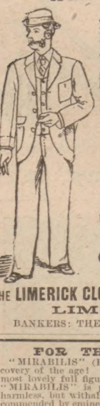

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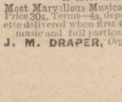

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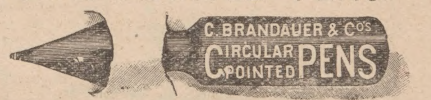


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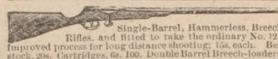

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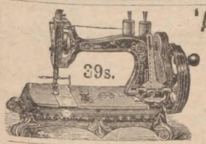

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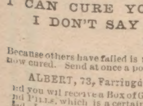

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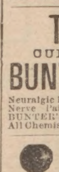


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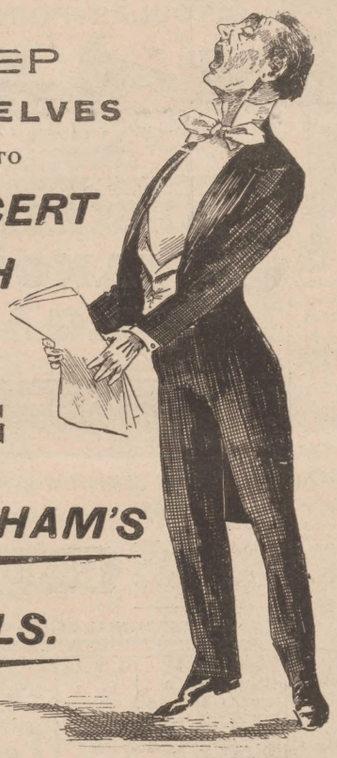

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